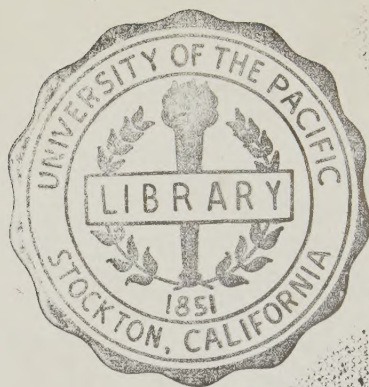




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ODES OF HORACE
BOOK III
VOL. IV—PART II



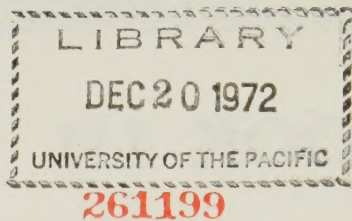
BOOK III

Notes on the Literary History of the Odes of Horace

From the best Commentators both
Ancient and Modern

With
Selected Supplemental Versions

Printed for
THE BIBLIOPHILE SOCIETY
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ODE I

THE WISDOM OF CONTENT

THIS and the five following are generally admitted to be among the finest specimens of Horace's poems, and are supposed to have been written after he had arrived at a mature age.

Professor Smith observes: "The six odes with which this book opens are marked by certain characteristics which unite them together as a group and give them a unique and conspicuous place in the collection. In contrast with Horace's usual method of arrangement, they are all in the same metre; they are addressed, not to any individual, but to all patriotic Romans; they are furnished with a common introduction, which sets the key for a discourse of unusual dignity and earnestness; and throughout them all, with whatever license of poetic digression and embellishment, the thought pursues one main theme, — the moral

qualities that are indispensable alike to the happiness of the individual and to the strength of the state. There can be no question that Horace designedly arranged the odes, as we find them, in a lyrical sequence, as poems with a common subject and purpose, and gave them here a position worthy of their dignity and importance. Not less certain is the design of the first strophe, in which, with almost startling impressiveness, he steps forward as the priest of the Muses, and, warning off the 'un-initiate herd,' makes his appeal, with solemn earnestness, to those who have ears to hear, and especially to the young, whose hearts are not yet hardened by the vices he is about to attack. Clearly, this is an introduction to the whole series, and does not belong to the first ode alone.

"After the opening strophe of Ode I, the poet sets forth the futility of seeking happiness in wealth and power. First, he raises his hearers to a higher point of view, from which the human distinctions we make so much of are seen in truer perspective: kings sink to the level of their meanest subjects before the supreme might of Jove; riches, high birth, fame, influence count for nothing against the

inexorable allotment of death. Wealth cannot buy, nor power create, the peace of mind which belongs to him alone who has learned contentment."

The Latin text is accompanied by Abraham Cowley's well-known paraphrase.

In the eighteenth line of the text, Horace alludes to the story of Damocles, a flatterer of the tyrant Dionysius, which is thus recorded by Cicero, in the fifth book of his "Tusculan Disputations," chap. 21 : —

Damocles having, in a speech, applauded the riches and magnificence of Dionysius, and pronounced him the happiest man in the world, Dionysius was resolved to give him a taste of his happiness ; and therefore ordered that he should be placed upon a golden bed covered with magnificent tapestry ; that all his rich vessels, curiously embossed with gold and silver, should be displayed before him ; and that he should be served by boys of exquisite beauty, ready to fly at his nod. Neither wreaths nor fragrant oils were wanting. Perfumes were burnt ; and the tables were piled with the most exquisite banquet. Damocles now thought himself perfectly happy. In the height of all this pomp, Dionysius ordered a naked sword to be hung from the roof, by a horse's hair, directly over his head. As soon as Damocles observed it, he could no longer admire the beautiful boys, nor the delicate figures engraved on the plate ; he could not stretch out his hand to the table, but trembled with fear, and the

wreaths fell from his head. To conclude, he humbly besought the king that he might have leave to depart; for now he would be no longer happy, *quod iam beatus nollet esse.*

ODE II

ON TRUE MANLINESS

THIS ode commends public and social virtue, and is addressed chiefly to young men.

Professor Smith says: "In the first ode, the poet's aim was mainly negative, — to strip of their glamour the two most coveted objects of human endeavour, honour and, more particularly, riches; to show that the possession of them is but vanity and vexation of spirit. In the present ode, he assumes a positive attitude and proposes a more excellent way. In the cultivation of character and, in particular, of the sterling Roman virtues of manliness and loyalty (*virtus* and *fides*), he points out to the young Roman the worthy object of a nobler ambition, and one that brings its own sure reward."

The version that faces the Latin text is composite. The last twenty-two lines were freely translated or paraphrased by Dean Swift,

and sent by him to console his friend and patron, the Earl of Oxford, who had been removed from his office of Lord Treasurer, and was at the time imprisoned in the Tower, in imminent danger of being beheaded. It was especially appropriate, therefore, for Swift to begin with the thirteenth line : —

dulce et decorum est pro patria mori —

Sweet and noble it is to die for one's native land.

Oxford was not put to death, but having been released, lived for some years in retirement.

An anonymous poet cleverly joined a version of the first twelve lines, thus completing the ode.

On hearing a quotation of the thirteenth line of this ode, which Swift renders : "How blest is he who for his country dies," the famous orator O'Connell retorted : "But credit me, a living friend is worth a churchyard full of dead ones."

Thackeray paraphrased the last two stanzas as follows : —

Be happy and thy counsel keep,
'T is thus the bard adviseth thee ;
Remember that the silent lip
In silence shall rewarded be.

And fly the wretch that dares to strip
Love of its sacred mystery.

My loyal legs I would not stretch
Beneath the same mahogany,
Nor trust myself in Chelsea Reach,
In punt or skiff with such as he :
The villain who would kiss and peach,
I hold him for mine enemy.

ODE III

ON STEADFASTNESS OF PURPOSE

ACCORDING to Dacier, this is one of the noblest odes of Horace. He says: "It is not, indeed, inferior to any, if we justly consider the true sublime with which it is animated, the natural sweetness of the composition, its easy turn, and all the beauty of its figures." The poem commends the virtue of perseverance, contains oblique exhortations to abstinence and contentment, and condemns the spirit of avarice and restlessness which Horace detected in his contemporaries.

Juno is introduced into the poem as making a long speech to the assembled gods, among whom it was proposed to admit Romulus with other deified heroes. This speech is contrived in order to sing the glory and extent of the Roman empire and particularly the praises of Augustus.

The Romans attached much importance to

the legend that derived their origin from the Trojans, and the rumour had once prevailed that Julius Cæsar meant to transfer the seat of empire to Alexandria in Troas or to Ilium. It is likely that in Horace's time, among the remedies proposed for the evils of the state, some spoke of transferring the seat of government to Troy.

Elijah Fenton's translation, made in 1704, faces the Latin text. Addison's fine paraphrase here follows. Dr. Johnson, while complaining that Addison's translations from the classics were "too licentiously paraphrastical," declares that they are "for the most part smooth and easy, and what is the first excellence of a translation, such as may be read with pleasure by those who do not know the originals."

The man resolved and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries ;

The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern brow, and the harsh voice defies,

And with superior greatness smiles ;
Not the rough whirlwind that deforms
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with storms,
The stubborn virtue of his soul can move ;
Nor the red arm of angry Jove,

That flings the thunder from the sky,
And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.
Should the whole frame of Nature round him
break,

In ruin and confusion hurled,
He, unconcerned, would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world.
Such were the godlike arts that led
Bright Pollux to the blest abodes ;
Such did for great Alcides plead,
And gained a place among the gods ;
Where now Augustus, mixed with heroes, lies,
And to his lips the nectar bowl applies ;
His ruddy lips the purple tincture show
And with immortal stains divinely glow.
By arts like these did young Lyæus rise :
His tigers drew him to the skies ;
Wild from the desert and unbroke,
In vain they foamed, in vain they stared,
In vain their eyes with fury glared ;
He tamed them to the lash and bent them to the
yoke.

Such were the paths that Rome's great founder
trod,

When, in a whirlwind snatched on high,
He shook off dull mortality,
And lost the monarch in the god.
Bright Juno then her awful silence broke,
And thus the assembled deities bespoke :
"Troy," says the goddess, "perjured Troy has felt
The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt ;
The towering pile, and soft abodes,
Walled by the hand of servile gods,
Now spreads its ruins all around,
And lies inglorious on the ground.

An umpire partial and unjust
And a lewd woman's impious lust
Lay heavy on her head, and sank her to the dust.
Since false Laomedon's tyrannic sway
That durst defraud th' immortals of their pay,
Her guardian gods renounced their patronage,
Nor would the fierce invading foe repel ;
To my resentment, and Minerva's rage,
The guilty king and the whole people fell.
And now the long-protracted wars are o'er ;
The soft adulterer shines no more ;
No more does Hector's force the Trojans shield,
That drove whole armies back, and singly cleared
the field ;

My vengeance sated, I at length resign
To Mars his offspring of the Trojan line :
Advanced to godhead let him rise,
And take his station in the skies :
There entertain his ravished sight
With scenes of glory, fields of light ;
Quaff with the gods immortal wine
And see adoring nations crowd his shrine.

The thin remains of Troy's afflicted host
In distant realms may seats unenvied find
And flourish on a foreign coast ;
To the last bounds that Nature sets
To piercing colds and sultry heats,
The godlike race shall spread their arms ;
Now fill the polar circle with alarms,
Till storms and tempests their pursuits confine ;
Now sweat for conquest underneath the line.

This only law the victor shall restrain ;
On these conditions shall he reign :
If none his guilty hand employ
To build again a second Troy,

If none the rash design pursue
Nor tempt the vengeance of the gods anew.
A curse there cleaves to the devoted place
That shall the new foundations raze ;
Greece shall in mutual leagues conspire
To storm the rising town with fire,
And at their armies' head myself will show
What Juno, urged to all her rage, can do.
Thrice should Apollo's self the city raise,
And line it round with walls of brass ;
Thrice should my favourite Greeks his works con-
found,

And hew the shining fabric to the ground ;
Thrice should her captive dames to Greece return
And their dead sons and slaughtered husbands
mourn."

But hold, my muse, forbear thy towering flight,
Nor bring the secrets of the gods to light :

In vain would thy presumptuous verse

Th' immortal rhetoric rehearse ;

The mighty strains, in lyric numbers bound,
Forget their majesty, and lose their sound ;
But far be Rome from Troy disjoined,
Removed by seas from the disastrous shore,
May endless billows rise between and storms un-
numbered roar ;

Still let the cursed, the detested place
Where Priam lies, and Priam's faithless race,
Be covered o'er with weeds, and hid in grass.
There let the wanton flocks unguarded stray ;

Or, while the lonely shepherd sings,
Amidst the mighty ruins play

And frisk upon the tombs of kings.

May tigers there, and all the savage kind
Sad solitary haunts and deserts find ;

In gloomy vaults and nooks of palaces,
 May th' unmolested lioness
 Her brindled whelps securely lay,
 Or, couched, in dreadful slumbers waste the day.
 While Troy in heaps of ruins lies,
 Rome and the Roman Capitol shall rise ;
 Th' illustrious exiles unconfined
 Shall triumph far and near, and rule mankind.
 In vain the sea's intruding tide
 Europe from Afric shall divide,
 And part the severed world in two :
 Through Afric's sands their triumphs they shall
 spread,
 And the long train of victories pursue
 To Nile's yet undiscovered head.
 Riches the hardy soldiers shall despise
 And look on gold with undesiring eyes,
 Nor the disbowelled earth explore
 In search of the forbidden ore ;
 Those glittering ills, concealed within the mine
 Shall lie untouched, and innocently shine.

Lord Byron, in 1815, paraphrased and expanded the first lines of this poem as follows :

The man of firm and noble soul
 No factious clamours can control ;
 No threat'ning tyrant's darkling brow
 Can swerve him from his just intent :
 Gales the warring waves which plough
 By Auster on the billows spent,
 To curb the Adriatic main,
 Would awe his fix'd, determin'd mind in vain.

Ay, and the red right arm of Jove,
 Hurling his lightnings from above,

With all his terrors then unfurl'd,
 He would unmoved, unawed behold :
 The flames of an expiring world
 Again in crashing chaos roll'd,
 In vast promiscuous ruin hurl'd,
 Might light his glorious funeral pile ;
 Still dauntless mid the wreck of earth he'd smile.

Condorcet died with his Horace by his side open at this ode, and marked along the third and fourth stanzas.

The first lines were recited by Cornelius De Witte on the rack. They are said to have nerved Frederick the Great, "in his desperate struggle with all Europe." "Socrates," says Professor Shorey, "who withstood the *ardor civium* in the trials of the generals of Arginou-sæ, and ignored the threats of the *instans tyrannus* under the Thirty (Plato, Apol. C. 20), is the perfect type of the virtue of constancy which Horace here celebrates as the tradition of the makers of Rome."

Professor Jebb notes that the blind man, Teiresias, in Sophocles' "Œdipus Tyrannus," speaks as if he saw the *vultus instantis tyranni*. Browning has named one of his poems "Instans Tyrannus." Herrick interprets it :—

No Wrath of men or rage of Seas
 Can shake a just man's purposes :

No threats of Tyrants, or the Grim
Visage of them can alter him ;
But what he doth at first intend
That he holds firmly to the end.

Marvell may have had this in mind when,
in his Horatian ode on Cromwell, he de-
clared : —

The same arts that did gain
A power must it maintain.

Disregarding the vehemence of Juno's pro-
test against an attempt to rebuild Ilium and
her lasting dedication of those ruins to wild
beasts, Dr. Schliemann, some years ago, started
the work of reconstruction, and the herd which
Horace declared should litter undisturbed in
those ruins has now been permanently ban-
ished, although Byron, in "Don Juan," said :

But where I sought for Ilium's walls
The quiet sheep feeds and the tortoise crawls.

A similar idea occurs in "Omar Khayyám,"
18 : —

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
Their Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank
deep ;

And Bahram, that great Hunter — the wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his sleep !

Victor Hugo, in "Zim-Zisimi," says,
Et les tombeaux des rois sont des trous à panthère.

In his poem on Windsor Forest, Pope says : —

The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
And savage howlings fill these sacred quires.

The picture of the Vengeance of the Law limping along after the criminal and at last overtaking him, is finely rendered by Professor Hague : —

For oft the good and bad alike
Just Heaven shall in its vengeance strike ;
No wrong a lengthened course may trace,
Lame-footed Justice wins the race.

Other poets have had the same thought in mind. George Herbert says : —

God's mill grinds slow but sure ;
and Milton in " Paradise Lost " declares that —

Justice divine mends not her slowest pace
For prayers or cries.

Browning in " Cenciaja " solemnly reminds us that —

God's justice, tardy though it prove perchance,
Rests never on the track,

and Swinburne makes the Queen of Rephaim lament : —

I am the Queen of Rephaim.
God, that sometime refraineth him,
Made in the end a spoil of me.

ODE IV

TO CALLIOPE

IN this beautiful ode Horace, carrying out the scheme of the sequence of poems, commends the power of wisdom and learning in subduing brute force and violent passions, illustrating his thought by a fabulous story about himself when he was an infant, and by the protection he has always received from the Muses. He again refers to his escape from harm on the battle-field (of Philippi, probably) and from the falling tree.

The English version by Robert A. Wilmot, Esq., published in 1831, is printed with the text. He translated the ode in ninety rhythmical lines, ten more than the original, omitting the seventh stanza, which we have supplied.

Lord Lytton, in commenting on this poem, observes that in "treating political subjects, on which men's minds were divided, he [Hor-

ace] shows wonderful delicacy of art in conveying his purpose through forms of poetry least likely to offend. In Ode III, dissuading from the project of a settlement in Troy, it is not he that speaks, — it is Juno. In Ode IV, desiring to imply that the ascendancy of Augustus is the intellectual and godlike mastery over irrational force, he begins by an invocation to Calliope, intimating his ambition to accomplish a majestic or sustained poem without revealing its purport; passes on to the lovely stanzas descriptive of his own devotion to poetry from childhood; links this description with inimitable subtlety of touch to Augustus' culture of the humanising arts; implies the union of such literary tastes with the policy of peace, and with conciliatory and clement dispositions; and then, with a lyrical suddenness, bursts into the theme for which he had invoked the muse at the commencement."

The incident of the doves — his favourite birds — covering him up with leaves when he had fallen asleep on the side of Mount Vultur, recalls the stories of how a nightingale alighted on the lips of Stesichorus and of how the bees made honey on the lips of Pindar while he slept.

The version by Sir Theodore Martin — one of the few who have successfully translated this entire ode — is here given : —

O Queen Calliope, from heaven descend,
And on the fife prolong
Thy descant sweet and strong,
Or with the lyre, if more it like thee, blend
Thy thrilling voice in song !

Hark ! Or is this but frenzy's pleasing dream ?
Through groves I seem to stray
Of consecrated bay,
Where voices mingle with the babbling stream,
And whispering breezes play.

When I had stray'd a child on Vultur's steep,
Beyond Apulia's bound,
Which was my native ground,
Was I, fatigued with play, beneath a heap
Of fresh leaves sleeping found,

Strewn by the storied doves ; and wonder fell
On all, their nest who keep
On Acherontia's steep,
Or in Forentum's low rich pastures dwell,
Or Bantine woodlands deep ;

That safe from bears and adders in such place
I lay, and slumbering smiled,
O'erstrewn with myrtle wild
And laurel, by the gods' peculiar grace
No craven-hearted child.

Yours am I, O ye Muses, yours, whene'er
The Sabine peaks I scale ;
Or cool Præneste's vale,
Or Tibur's slopes, or Baiæ's waters fair
With happy heart I hail.

Unto your roundels and your fountains vow'd,
Philippi's rout, the tree
Of doom o'erwhelm'd not me,
Nor Palinurus 'mid the breakers loud
Of the Sicilian sea.

Unshrinkingly, so you be only near,
The Bosphorus I'll brave,
Nor quail, howe'er it rave,
Assyria's burning sands I'll dare, nor fear
In them to find a grave.

Shielded by you, I'll visit Britain's shore
To strangers ruthless ever,
Front the Gelonian quiver,
The Concan, too, who joys in horses' gore,
And Scythia's icy river.

Unto great Cæsar's self ye lend new life
In grot Pierian, when
He has disposed his men
Among the towns, to rest from battle-strife,
And yearns for peace again.

From you flow gentle counsels, and most dear
Such counsels are to you.
We know, how He o'erthrew
By His down-swooping bolts those monsters drear,
The impious Titan crew ;

He who doth earth's unmoving mass control,
The tempest-shaken main,
Throng'd towns, the realms of pain
And gloom, and doth with even justice sole
O'er gods and mortals reign.

When he beheld them first, these brothers stark,
Proud in their strength of arm,
Crowding in hideous swarm
To pile up Pelion on Olympus dark,
Jove shudder'd with alarm.

But what could stout Typhœus, Mimas do ?
Or what, for all his might,
Porphyryion's threatening height,
What Prætus, or Enceladus, that threw
Uprooted trees, in fight

Against great Pallas' ringing ægis dash'd,
What could they all essay ?
Here, eager for the fray,
Stood Vulcan, there dame Juno unabash'd,
And he who ne'er doth lay

His bow aside, who laves his locks unshorn
In Castaly's pure dew,
Divine Apollo, who
Haunts Lycia's woodland glades, in Delos born,
In Patara worshipp'd too.

Unreasoning strength by its own weight must fall,
To strength with wisdom blent
Force by the gods is lent,
Who hold in scorn that strength which is on all
That's impious intent.

See hundred-handed Gyges helpless lie,
To make my maxim good,
Orion too, that would
Lay ruffian hands on chaste Diana by
Her virgin shafts subdued.

Upheaved above the monsters she begot,
Earth wails her children whirl'd
To Orcus' lurid world
By vengeful bolts, and the swift fire hath not
Pierced Ætna o'er it hurl'd.

Nor does the vulture e'er, sin's warder grim,
Lewd Tityus' liver quit,
But o'er him still doth sit ;
Pirithous, too, lies fetter'd, limb to limb
By chains three hundred knit.

ODE V

TO REGULUS

DACIER said that the design of Horace in this ode was to praise Augustus for having humbled the Parthians and the Britons by the terror of his arms ; which he does with great address, slightly touching on the latter, and enhancing the advantage gained by Augustus over the Parthians, by comparing it with the ultimate victory they had obtained over Crassus and the Romans.

Regulus was the great Roman general who obtained a triumph as consul in B. C. 267. He was consul again in B. C. 256, and defeated the Carthaginian fleet. He landed in Africa, but was taken prisoner in B. C. 255, and, being paroled five years later, was sent to Rome with the Punic envoys when the Carthaginians were obliged to sue for peace. Instead of consenting to the peace proposals, however, he rose in the senate and delivered the following

impassioned protest against the demands of his captors : —

I have seen the Roman standards hung up in the temples of Carthage ! I have seen the arms of our soldiers allowed to be taken from them without losing one drop of blood in their defence ! I have seen our Roman citizens, once zealous of their liberty, loaded with chains, and their hands tied fast behind their backs ! I have seen the gates of our enemies' cities open, and those fields cultivated, which should have been made desolate by our troops. Our soldiers, when ransomed with money, will, no doubt, return more courageous : Not at all. That would be adding more loss to infamy. Wool, when once sullied, can never recover its former colour and brightness ; nor does true virtue, when once effaced, ever choose to be restored to its former lustre by vice. Ye'll as soon see a timorous hind, that has escaped her toils, return and attack the huntsmen, as ye'll see a soldier become brave, who has once surrendered himself a slave to his treacherous enemies. Just so will the wretch, who was afraid of death, and still carries the shameful marks of his chains on his arms, tread on our enemies the Carthaginians in a second battle ; this coward, not knowing how to save his life otherwise, shamefully asked quarter with his arms in his hands. What a reproach is this to Rome ! What a glory to Carthage ! O Great Carthage, who hast raised thy power on the shameful ruins of Italy !

He refused to remain at Rome in violation of his agreement with the Carthaginians, and returning to Carthage was there put to death

with the most horrible tortures. The Carthaginians increased his glory by their barbarity. They cut off his eyelids, and bound him with his face to the sun. After this they shut him up in a chest, "stuck thick with points of nails, so that he could neither sit nor lean, without excessive torment ; and thus they suffered him to die with hunger, anguish, and want of sleep. So perished one of those brave men who are most highly applauded in profane history." The argument against the restoration to Roman citizenship of the captive Roman soldiers who had taken up arms under their conquerors is skilfully placed in the mouth of "the national hero, Regulus." Lord Lytton says: "It is in these and similar passages that Horace not only soars immeasurably above the level of didactic poetry properly so-called, but justifies his claim to a far higher rank even in lyrical poetry than many of his modern critics are disposed to accord to him. He attains to that region of the sublime which belongs to heroic sentiment, and which is the rarest variety of the sublime even in the tragic drama."

Walter Savage Landor declares in the "Penameron" that in competition with the Regu-

lus ode, "the finest in the Greek language itself has to my ear too many low notes and somewhat of a wooden sound." Andrew Lang, in his "Letters to Dead Authors" (p. 209), says, "We talk of the Greeks as your teachers. Your teachers they were, but that poem could only have been written by a Roman! The strength, the tenderness, the noble and monumental resolution and resignation, — these are the gifts of the lords of human things, the masters of the world."

The whole ode breathes the spirit of *Roma ferox*, of the men whom Vergil called "Romanos, rerum dominos, gentemque togatam" (Aeneid, I).

The spirited English version of this ode by the Rev. Francis Wrangham, M. A., F. R. S., faces the Latin text.

The comparison of Augustus to Jupiter, in the first line, "Caelo tonantem credidimus Iovem regnare," is elegant. The one convinces the world, by his thunder, that he reigns in heaven; the other shows by his victories that he is a god on earth.

The Regulus ode was a favourite of Gladstone's. In his great speech in the House of

Commons, March 20, 1873, he quoted lines
27-30, —

Neque amissos colores
 lana refert medicata fuco,
nec vera virtus, cum semel excidit,
curat reponi deterioribus.

which Lord Lytton renders : —

Never the wool drugged by the sea-weed's dye
Regains the colours lost ; never, once fled,
 True valour cares to find
In the degenerate heart its former place.

Gladstone's version of this stately ode is here
given in full : —

Jove's thunder proves for heaven his reign :
On earth Augustus shall be crowned
A god, who unto Rome's domain
Hath Britain and the plaguy Persian bound.

One served with Crassus : yet he ties
His lot to a barbarian wife,
Wretch ! and, oh, sight for Senate's eyes !
With foes for kin will close in arms his life.

Apulians, Marsians, serve the Mede ;
Our name, our sacred shields, forget,
Nor garb, nor deathless Vesta heed,
And all while Jove and Rome are standing yet.

'T was this that Regulus foreknew,
And spurned the foul condition ; lest

The future such example rue,
Our captive soldiers must as captives rest.

'T was thus he spoke. " These eyes have seen
Our standards hung in Punic fane,
And swords, that Roman once had been,
From unresisting legions vilely ta'en ;

" Have seen the arms of Romans bound
On backs once free : seen gates unbarred
For passage, and a harvest found
On fields our bands had once with ruin scarred.

" Will the repurchased soldier dare
As once he dared ? Add not the lie
To acted crime. Can wool repair
The colours that it lost when soaked with dye ?

" Ah no. True merit once resigned,
No trick nor feint will serve as well.
If, from strong meshes loosed, the hind
Will combat, then in these may courage dwell

" Who cower before the foe abhorred.
Will he new Punic onsets try,
Who on bound wrists hath felt the cord
Without a pang, and hath not dared to die ?

" Bewildered, yet for life athirst,
In one he mingled peace and war ;
Great Carthage sees our shame accursed,
For our Italian fall how loftier far."

His wife's pure kiss, his babes, 't is said,
He brushed away, nor looked around.

As one to home and country dead,
But sternly set his manful gaze aground.

The wavering Fathers then he fixed,
With words that none but he could say,
And so, his sorrowing friends betwixt,
The glorious exile sped his onward way.

Full well he knew he must abide
The savage captor's torturing wrath,
Yet none the less he thrust aside
Obstructing kin, and all that barred his path ;

As though from clients' wrangling care
Some ended suit had set him free,
For his Venafran farm, or where
Tarentum Sparta-born salutes the sea.

Referring to the historic defeat of Crassus, B. C. 53, Sir Theodore Martin says : " The defeat of the Romans under Crassus by the Parthians was one of the most signal disgraces ever sustained by the Roman arms. Their standards fell into the hands of the enemy, and many of the Roman prisoners accepted their fate, married Parthian women, and became the subjects of a Parthian king. This, as the ode intimates, was felt to be a blot upon the national honour."

ODE VI

ON SOCIAL DEGENERACY

DACIER says that this ode is wholly moral. Horace shows that the contempt of religion, and a general corruption of manners, were the sole causes of all the calamities which had oppressed Rome. The poem was written after the defeat of Antony, probably about the year of Rome 724 or 725.

Very few, if any, of the odes of Horace excel this one in power of thought and beauty of expression. The bard forcibly admonishes the Roman people that the gods have protected Rome in her strifes, and that now Rome should pay homage to the gods. Professor Hague writes: "The picture of Roman morals drawn by Horace is not too deeply shaded: it is simply true." Maclean says: "The state of female morals at the time Horace wrote was probably not so bad as it became

shortly afterwards, though his picture is dark enough."

Thomas E. Page observes that "the ode commemorates two portions of the domestic policy of Augustus, — the restoration of many decayed temples as a visible sign of his desire to restore the old customs and observances of Rome, and the introduction of several measures intended to check the continual decrease in the number of regular marriages, which was due partly to decay of religious feeling and a consequent looseness of morals, partly to the increased cost of living and the more luxurious habits of society."

Roscommon's excellent paraphrase, 1672, faces the Latin text.

The learned Bishop Lowth, who in 1783 declined the Archbishopric of Canterbury, and of whom it was said that his translations from the Latin are more valuable than the original, evidently considered the admonitions of this ode as applicable to the people of his own time as Horace deemed them appropriate in the period of the Roman restoration. He imitated the poem in the following manner, addressing it "To the People of Great Britain;" it was published in London, 1766:—

Britain! the thunder of Wrath divine,
Due to thy Fathers' Crimes, and long withheld from
thine,
Unless, with conscious Terrors aw'd,
By meek, heart-struck Repentance led,
Suppliant thou fall before th' offended God :
If haply yet thou may'st avert his Ire,
And stay his Arm, outstretch'd to launch th' aven-
ging Fire.

Did not High God of old ordain
When to thy grasp He gave the Sceptre of the
Main,
That Empire, in this favoured Land,
Fix'd on Religion's solid Base should stand?
When from thy struggling neck He broke
Th' inglorious, galling Papal Yoke,
Humbled the pride of haughty Spain,
And freed thee by a Woman-Hero's Hand ;
And then confirm'd the strong Decree :
 " Briton, be virtuous, and be free ;
 Be Truth, be Sanctity, thy Guide :
 Be humble ; fear thy God, and fear thou none
 beside."

Oft has the offended Power his rising Anger shown :
Led on by his avenging Hand,
Rebellion triumphs in the Land :
Twice have her barbarous Sons our war-trained
Hosts o'erthrown ;
They fell a cheap, inglorious Prey ;
Th' ambitious Victor's Boast was half suppress'd,
While Heaven-bred Fear, and wild Dismay,
Unmann'd the Warrior's Heart, and reign'd in
every Breast.

Her Arms to foreign Lands Britannia bore ;
Her Arms, auspicious now no more !
With frequent Conquest where the Sires were
crown'd,
The Sons ill-fated fell, and bit the hostile
Ground :
The tame war-dreading Belgian fled,
While in his cause the Briton bled :
The Gaul stood wondering at his own success ;
Oft did his hardiest Bands their wonted Fears confess,
Struck with dismay and meditating Flight,
While the brave Foe still urg'd th' unequal
Fight,
While William with his Father's Ardour fired
Through all th' undaunted Host the generous
Flame inspired.

But heavier far the weight of Shame
That sunk Britannia's Naval Fame :
In vain she spreads her once victorious Sails ;
Or Fear, or Rashness, in her Chiefs prevails ;
And wildly these prevent, those basely shun the
Fight,
Content with humble Praise, the Foe
Avoids the long-impending Blow ;
Improves the kind Escape, and triumphs in his
Flight.

The monstrous Age, which still increasing Years
debase,
Which teems with unknown Crimes, and genders
new Disgrace,
First unrestrain'd by Honour, Faith, or Shame
Confounding every sacred Name,

The hallow'd nuptial Bed with lawless Lust pro-
fan'd :
Deriv'd from this polluted source,
The dire Corruption held its course
Through the whole canker'd Race, and tainted all
the Land.

The ripening Maid is vers'd in every dangerous
Art,
That ill adorns the Form, while it corrupts the
Heart ;
Practis'd to dress, to dance, to play,
In wanton Mask to lead the Way,
To move the pliant Limbs, to roll the luring Eye ;
With Folly's gayest Partizans to vye
In empty Noise, and vain Expence ;
To celebrate, with flaunting Air,
The Midnight Revels of the Fair ;
Studious of every Praise, but Virtue, Truth, and
Sense.

Thus lesson'd in Intrigue, her early thoughts im-
proves,
Nor meditates in Vain forbidden Loves,
Soon the gay Nymph, as Nature leads, shall rove
Free and at large amid th' Idalian Grove ;
Or, haply jealous of the Voice of Fame,
Mask'd in the Matron's sober Name,
With many a well-dissembled Wile,
The kind, convenient Husband's Care beguile :
More deeply vers'd in Venus' Mystic Lore,
Yet for such meaner Arts too lofty and sublime,
The proud, high-born, Patrician Whore
Bears unabash'd her Front, and glories in her
Crime.

Hither, from City and from Court,
The votaries of Love resort ;
The Rich, the Great, the Gay, and the Severe ;
The pension'd Architect of Laws ;
The Patriot, loud in Virtue's Cause ;
Proud of imputed Worth, the Peer :
Regardless of his Faith, his Country or his Name,
He pawns his Honour and Estate,
Nor reckons at how dear a Rate
He purchases Disease and Servitude and Shame.

Not from such dastard Sires, to every Virtue
lost,
Sprung the brave Youth which Britain once could
boast ;
Who curb'd the Gaul's usurping Sway,
Who swept unnumbered Hosts away,
On Agincourt and Cressy's glorious Plain ;
Who dy'd the seas with Spanish Blood,
Their vainly-vaunted Fleets subdu'd,
And spread the mighty Wreck o'er all the van-
quished Main.

No ; — 't was a generous Race, by Worth transmis-
sive known ;
In their bold Breasts their Fathers' Spirit glow'd ;
In their pure Veins their Mothers' Virtue flow'd ;
They made hereditary Praise their own.
The Sire his emulous Offspring led
The rougher Paths of Fame to tread ;
The Matron train'd their spotless Youth
In Honour, Sanctity, and Truth :
Form'd by the united Parents' Care,
The Sons, though bold, were wise ; the Daughters
chaste though fair.

How Time all-wasting, ev'n the worst impairs,
And each foul Age to Dregs still fouler runs !
Our Sires, more vicious ev'n than theirs,
Left us, still more degenerate Heirs,
To spawn a baser Brood of Monster-breeding Sons !

ODE VII

TO ASTERIA

IN this graceful ode a young girl is pictured as lamenting the absence of her lover, who is homeward-bound from a trading voyage to the Euxine during winter, but is detained on the coast of Epirus, where he is waiting for spring. For Asteria's comfort he is represented as resisting the temptations of his hostess, though she tries to frighten him with stories of women's revenge. The finished diction of the poem has been greatly admired.

The version printed facing the Latin text is by Lord Lytton, who imitates the rhythm of the original.

The following is a somewhat indecorous perversion, styled by Professor Shorey as "a coarse imitation;" but it suggests the impression which the original probably made upon the mind of George Stepney, who was regarded in his day as a marvel of learning, and was sent

on many diplomatic missions. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. His epitaph predicted his undying celebrity : —

Sua aetate multum celebratus,
apud posteros semper celebrandus.

Stepney's lines run thus : —

Dear Molly, why so oft in Tears ?
Why all these Jealousies and tears ?
For thy bold Son of Thunder ?
Have patience till we 've conquered France,
Thy closet shall be stored with NANTS ;
Ye Ladies like such Plunder.

Before TOULON thy Yoke-mate lies,
Where all the live-long Night he sighs
For thee in lowsy Cabbins :
And tho' the Captain's Chloë cries,
'T is I, dear Bully, prithee rise —
He will not let the Drab in.

But she, the Cunning'st Jade alive,
Says, 'T is the ready way to thrive,
By sharing Female Bounties :
And if he 'll be but kind one Night,
She Vows, He shall be dubb'd a Knight,
When she is made a Countess.

Then tells of smooth young Pages whipp'd,
Cashier'd, and of their Liv'ries stripp'd,
Who, late to Peers belonging,
Are rightly now compell'd to trudge
With Links, because they would not drudge
To save their Ladies' Longing.

But Vol the Eunuch can not be
A Colder Cavalier than he,
In all such Love-Adventures.
Then pray do you, dear Molly, take
Some Christian care, and do not break
Your conjugal Indentures.

Bellair! Who does not Bellair know?
The Wit, the Beauty, and the Beau,
Gives out he loves you dearly;
And many a Nymph attack'd with Sighs,
And soft Impertinence and Noise,
Full oft has beat a Parley.

But, pretty Turtle, when the Blade
Shall come with Am'rous Serenade,
Soon from the Window rate him;
But if reproof will not prevail,
And he perchance attempt to scale,
Discharge the JORDAN at him.

The advice given to Asteria — “the starry
beauty” — in lines twenty-nine and thirty —

Be sure to shut your gate betimes in the even-
ing; and if you hear at your window the sound of
his warbling flute, beware you look not down into
the street —

is closely imitated by Shakespeare in the “Mer-
chant of Venice,” where Shylock admonishes
Jessica : —

Lock up my doors, and when you hear the drum
And the vile squealing of the wrynecked fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then.

ODE VIII

TO MÆCENAS

THIS is an anniversary ode, celebrating Horace's escape from the falling tree (Ode XIII, Book II), and is supposed to have been written March 1st, B. C. 25. This happened to be on the day of the Matronalia, a festival celebrated with great pomp and splendour by the Roman matrons, in honour of Juno Lucina, when husbands made presents to their wives and offered prayers for continued domestic felicity.

It is said that on this day, Mæcenas visited Horace at his Sabine farm, and was surprised to find him preparing for a domestic entertainment, as this seemed a singular day for a bachelor to observe. Horace then informs Mæcenas that his festivities are in commemoration of the tree episode, — “Bacchus having preserved me from the fall of a tree, by which I was in danger of being crushed to pieces, I

vowed to sacrifice a goat and prepare an entertainment for my friends, and I design to broach a hogshead of wine that has been mellowing ever since the year in which Cicero was consul."

It will be remembered that in the seventeenth ode of the Second Book, Horace promises to Faunus a ewe lamb for the same sacrifice. It is said that "there was a strong affinity between Faunus and Bacchus, the tutelary gods of the poets," and when the former was worshipped, a sheep or lamb was sacrificed, while to the latter goats were offered.

The text is accompanied by a version made by Philip Francis. A more modern rhythmical version by Sir Theodore Martin is here given : —

Why a bachelor such as myself should disport
On the Kalends of March, what these garlands import,
What the censer with incense fill'd full, you inquire,
And the green turf, with charcoal laid ready to fire?
If the cause of all these preparations you seek,
You, versed in the lore both of Latin and Greek,
It is this! That I vow'd, when nigh kill'd by the
 blow
Of yon tree, unto Liber a goat white as snow,
With festival rites; and the circling year now
Has brought round the day that I offer'd my vow.

'Tis a day which the well-rosin'd cork shall un-
yoke

Of the jar that was set to be fined in the smoke,
When Tullius was Consul. In cups without end
Then pledge me, Mæcnas, for safe is thy friend ;
Let the dawn find our lamps still ablaze, and afar
From our revel be anger and clamour and jar !
Your cares for the weal of the city dismiss,
And why should you not, at a season like this ?
There is Dacian Cotiso's army is shent,
And the Median by discords intestine is rent ;
The vanquish'd Cantabrian yonder in Spain
Submits after long years of strife to our chain,
And the Scythians, unbending their bows in despair,
To fly from the plains they had ravaged prepare.
Then a respite from public anxieties steal,
Feel the easy indifference private men feel,
Snatch gayly the joys which the moment shall bring,
And away every care and perplexity fling.

Vigiles lucernas — “ The Romans,” says Dacier, “ never made entertainments but at night. They had no candles nor wax tapers, but only lamps.” Thus Vergil wrote : —

Dependent lychni laquearibus aureis
incensi, et noctem flammis funalia vincunt, —

which Dryden renders : —

From gilded roofs, depending lamps display
Nocturnal beams, that emulate the day.

Dacier has translated *vigiles lucernas* — “ A la clarté de ces flambeaux,” by the lustre of those tapers. He says : “ The word Lamp

cannot be borne in an ode in the French language, and least of all at an entertainment.”

Milton, in his description of the Pandemonium of Satan, has not barely imitated, but very much improved upon the above lines of Vergil : —

The roof was fretted gold ; from whose high arch,
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky.

It was customary with the Romans, on these solemn occasions, to pass the whole night in carousing. Thus Propertius, Book IV, Elegy 6 : —

*Sic noctem patera sic ducam carmine, donec
Iniciat radios in mea vina dies.*

ODE IX

THE RECONCILIATION

THIS poem, faultless in form and finish, is a dialogue between two lovers. It is the only specimen in Horace of what is technically called the *carmen amoebaeum*. The rule is that the second speaker should reply to the first in the same number of verses, and also if possible show superior force and power of expression, or “cap” what the first speaker has said. It is a charming *jeu d’esprit*, and is said to have had more translators and imitators than any other poem ever written.

The learned Scaliger was infinitely fond of this ode, and of the third ode of the Fourth Book, as appears by his own remarkable words in the sixth Book of his Poetics: —

All of the odes of Horace are so beautiful that they have effectually discouraged me, and all persons of common prudence, from any attempts of the same kind. But I have taken notice of two in par-

ticular, than which I do not think ambrosia or nectar can be sweeter. One of them is the third of the Fourth Book, "*Quem tu, Melpomene, semel,*" etc., and the other the ninth of the Third Book, "*Donec gratus eram tibi,*" etc. I had rather have written odes like these than many of Pindar's, or even than to be king of all Aragon.

Professor Smith calls it a lyrical idyll, portraying with exquisite skill a lovers' quarrel and reconciliation. He goes on to say: —

The brief dialogue tells the whole story. Lydia's lover has wounded her by too marked attentions to Chloë, and her resentment has sent him off in a passion. Both are sorry and proud. He makes the first overtures towards a reconciliation in terms of tender regret, mixed with reproach; she replies in the same strain, with no sign of yielding. He then tries to break her down by a show of indifference, but she answers him with equal defiance. Finally he virtually confesses his fault and offers to make amends, and she, while asserting her woman's privilege of the last word in the quarrel, consents and owns that she loves him after all.

The Latin text is accompanied by Lord Ratcliffe's version, which first appeared in the rare second edition of the Roscommon Horace, "printed for Jacob Tonson, 1717."

The versions of this and the third ode of the Fourth Book by Bishop Atterbury are among the most famous renderings ever made of any of Horace's odes, and are the only two

known to have been made by Atterbury. His version is here given : —

HORACE: While I was fond, and you were kind,
Nor any dearer youth, reclined
On your soft bosom, sought to rest,
Phraätes was not half so bless'd.

LYDIA: While you adored no other face,
Nor loved me in the second place,
My happy celebrated fame
Outshone e'en Ilia's envied flame.

HORACE: Me Chloë now possesses whole,
Her voice and lyre command my soul;
Nor would I death itself decline,
Could her life ransom'd be with mine.

LYDIA: For me young lovely Calaïs burns,
And warmth for warmth my heart re-
turns;
Twice would I life with ease resign,
Could his be ransom'd once with mine.

HORACE: What if sweet love, whose bands we
broke,
Again should tame us to the yoke;
Should banish'd Chloë cease to reign,
And Lydia her lost power regain?

LYDIA: Though Hesperus be less fair than he,
Thou wilder than the raging sea,
Lighter than down; yet gladly I
With thee would live, with thee would
die.

The following version by Ben Jonson, "the father of Horatian translators," is one of the first translations from Horace into the English language. It has been more or less criticised, yet compares favourably with many others of more recent date : —

HORACE : Whilst, Lydia, I was loved of thee
And 'bout thy wavy neck no youth did
fling
His arms, more acceptably free,
I thought me richer than the Persian
king.

LYDIA : Whilst Horace loved no mistress more,
Nor after Chloë did his Lydia sound,
In name I went all names before,
The Roman Ilia was not more renowned.

HORACE : 'Tis true I'm Thracian Chloë's, — I, —
Who sings so sweet, and with such cunning plays,
As for her I'll not fear to die,
So Fate would give her life and longer
days.

LYDIA : And I am mutually on fire
With gentle Calaïs, Thuringe Ornith's son,
For whom I doubly would expire,
So Fate would let the boy a long thread
run.

HORACE : But say old love return should make
And us disjoined force to her brazen
yoke ;

That I bright Chloë off should shake,
And to left Lydia now the door stand
ope?

LYDIA: Though he be fairer than a star,
Thou lighter than the bark of any tree,
And than rough Adria angrier far,
Yet would I wish to love, live, die with
thee.

A great number of satirists and parodists have availed themselves of the favourable opportunities presented in the dialogue form of this ode. In 1798, it was imitated by Rev. C. E. Stewart, who put Charles James Fox in the place of Horace and John Horne Tooke in that of Lydia. This was published in London under the title, "The Honey-Moon of Fox and Tooke."

FOX: Since Fox of his Tooke is possest,
No sorrows my bosom can harass;
What Director was ever so blest?
I'm greater, far greater, than Barrass.

TOOKE: If Fox to his consort is true,
And his blest Coalition sincere,
I'll engage as a private with you,
Nor envy thy fame, Robespierre.

FOX: You once were the worst of my foes,
E'en Pitt I detested not more,
When you dar'd my Election oppose,
And eternal antipathy swore.

TOOKE: Not to you was my hatred confin'd ;
Your father I styled "The Defaulter,"
Drew a portrait of both, and consign'd
Both father and son to the halter.

FOX: Drive these hated reflections away ;
For you I would gladly resign
Jockey Norfolk, big Bedford, and Grey ;
But they answer your purpose and mine.

TOOKE: Whate'er you attempt or intend,
I am yours, and will bring at your call,
Binns, Gurney, Scott, Ferguson, Frend,
Corresponding Society — all.

BOTH: Thus reconcil'd, fond, and delighted,
Together we 'll ride in the storm,
While Jacobin Clubs, all united,
Make a radical, perfect Reform.

Of the many imitations of this famous lovers' dialogue, the most quaint is found among the fugitive poems collected by Sir Henry Wotten. It is a dialogue between God and the Soul, and runs thus : —

SOUL: Whilst my soul's eyes beheld no light
But what stream'd from thy gracious sight,
To me the world's greatest king
Seem'd but some little vulgar thing.

GOD: Whilst thou prov'dst pure ; and that in thee
I could glass all my Deity ;
How glad did I from Heaven depart
To find a lodging in thy heart.

SOUL: Now Fame and Greatness bear the sway
(’T is they that hold my prison’s key)
For whom my soul would die, might she
Leave them her immortalitie.

GOD: I with some few pure souls conspire,
And burn both into mutual fire,
For whom I ’d die once more e’er they
Should miss the Heaven’s eternal day.

SOUL: But, Lord, what if I turn again
And with an adamantine chain
Lock me to thee? What if I chase
The world away to give thee place?

GOD: Then, though these souls in whom I joy
Are seraphim, thou but a toy,
A foolish toy, yet once more I
Would with thee live and for thee die.

In “A Better Answer,” Prior refers to the
Reconciliation Ode thus: —

Then finish, dear Chloë, this pastoral war;
And let us, like Horace and Lydia, agree:
For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
As he was a poet sublimer than me.

In the year 1901, the Sargent prize of
one hundred dollars was awarded to Miss
Norma Rose Waterbury, of the Freshman
Class of Radcliffe College, for the best metrical
version of this ode. By special permission it
is here reproduced: —

HORACE : When thy fair neck had never felt
 Caress more dear than mine,
I happier lived than Persia's king,
 For I was thine.

LYDIA : When thy hot heart had never burned
 For Chloë, and was mine,
I lived more famed than Ilia,
 For I was thine.

HORACE : To me my Thracian Chloë's rule
 A joy most sweet doth give,
With songs and lute she charms, — I'd
 die,
 That she might live.

LYDIA : To me my Thurian Calaïs
 A burning love doth give, —
A mutual love, for I'd twice die,
 That he might live.

HORACE : What if I ope the door to thee,
 And auburn Chloë spurn ;
If with a lasting yoke we're joined,
 And love return?

LYDIA : Though fickle thou as cork, and rough
 As Hadria, while he
Is fairer than a star, — I'd live,
 I'd die with thee.

ODE X

TO LYCE

ACCORDING to Dacier, we have hitherto only seen a fragment of one of those songs which the gallants used to sing at the gates of the courtesans, when they were shut out ; and that is in the 25th ode of the First Book. But we have here an entire ode which Horace sings at the gate of Lyce. What renders it more valuable is, that “it is the only Latin song of this kind now extant : and in Greek we have but three whole ones ; viz., two in Theocritus, and one in Aristophanes. It is true, indeed, that these are sufficient to give us a clear idea of this custom.” It is to be remembered that the voice and flute were both employed on these occasions.

Lord Lytton says : “This humorous ode belongs to a kind of serenade common enough with the Greeks, and is probably imitated from a Greek original. There is no reason

for supposing the Lyce whose cruelty is here complained of to be identical with the Lyce lampooned in Book IV, Ode XIII."

Dacier, however, argues that both odes refer to the same Lyce, — "What Horace here threatens was afterwards verified by the event; for he satirised her in the 13th ode of the Fourth Book."

Horace tells Lyce that, being descended from a Tuscan father, nature did not design her for a Penelope: —

Non te Penelopen, difficilem procis,
Tyrrenus genuit parens.

It was a common proverb, by way of reflection on a lady's chastity, to say, "She is no Penelope"; in like manner as we now say, such a one is no Lucretia, or no Vestal. Thus also Ovid, in his first Book "*de Arte Amandi*:"

Penelopen ipsam, persta modo, tempore vinces.

A pale complexion was always esteemed one of the marks of love. Thus Ovid wrote: —

Palleat omnis amans; color est hic aptus amanti.

The facts commemorated in this ode are probably imaginary. It is absurd to suppose that Horace — as some ancient commentators have argued — belonged to that class of sere-

naders who "exposed themselves to the injury of the weather" under Lyce's window. He was too wise a philosopher and quite too fond of his own comforts to do this. Professor Hague aptly remarks: "We should understand that Horace did not engage in street demonstrations of this kind."

Nothing in this ode indicates that Lyce gave any encouragement to her serenader. On the contrary, the poem argues for her unapproachableness.

Burns undoubtedly had this ode in mind when he wrote:—

O lassie, are ye sleepin' yet,
Or are ye waukin', I wad wit?
For Love has bound me hand an' fit,
An' I would fain be in, jo.

CHORUS: O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
O let me in this ae night,
I'll no come back again, jo!

O hear'st thou not the wind an' weet?
Nae star blinks thro' the drivin' sleet;
Tak pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.

CHORUS: O let me in, etc.

The bitter blast that round me blows
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;

The cauldness o' thy heart 's the cause
O' a' my care and pine, jo.

CHORUS: O let me in, etc.

Austin Dobson's English version in the form of a rondeau is printed opposite the Latin text.

The sad experience of a lover with a winged Cupid and his darts, so charmingly portrayed in the third Anacreontic, shows that it is exceedingly dangerous to grant admission to the little god even for "ae night."

'T was at the gloom of midnight hour,
When sleep's great god exerts his pow'r;
When wearied swains their eyelids close,
And soothe their limbs with soft repose;
I heard a rapping at my door,
Such as I ne'er had heard before.
Who is 't, said I, dares break my sleep,
And at my door such uproar keep?
When Cupid, shiv'ring, scarce could say,
"A luckless boy has lost his way,
Oh, haste, my friend, and open, pray.
You need not fear, I mean no ill,
To hurt I have nor pow'r nor will;
This dismal, livelong night in vain
I've wander'd o'er the dreary plain,
Half-starv'd with cold, wet thro' with rain."
With pity mov'd I heard his moan,
Then struck a light and gat me down;
In haste I let him in, when lo!
His hand sustain'd a silver bow:

A pair of shining wings he wore,
And at his back a quiver bore.
As soon as I a fire had made,
My little guest I to it led ;
I warm'd his fingers with my own,
For cold they felt as any stone.
Then wip'd and wrung, with friendly care,
The wet out of his dripping hair.

Soon as the thankless elf was warm,
And found that he had got no harm,
" Let 's try," said he, " I fain would know,
Whether the wet has hurt my bow ;"
Then from his quiver chose with speed
A shaft, predestin'd for the deed.

So strong his silver bow he drew,
So swift the fatal arrow flew,
It pierc'd my liver thro' and thro'.
He skipp'd and danc'd about the room,
And sneering cried, " Come, landlord, come,
And as a friend rejoice with me,
That I from ev'ry harm am free ;
I safe, indeed, have kept my bow,
But you shall rue its being so."

Later on, however, the poet avenges himself with evident relish, describing the conquest in these beautiful lines at the beginning of his fifty-ninth ode.

As I once in wanton play
Binding up a chaplet lay,
'Mid the roses on the ground
Cupid fast asleep I found.
Straightway, by his wings, well-pleas'd,
I the little archer seiz'd,

Who so oft had vex'd my soul,
And within my flowing bowl
Plung'd him deep, then swallow'd up
Him and all that fill'd the cup.

According to the ancients, the seat of love
was the liver, not the heart, as moderns believe.

In the second verse of John Osborne Sargent's translation, the reader can almost hear
the bleak wind whistle through the trees:—

Were you born of the Danube's cold waters to
drink,
As the barbarous wife of a Scythian boor,
In this Norther you 'd not be so cruel, I think,
As to leave me stretched out on the sill of your
door.

How the gate creaks and slams as it swings to and
fro!

You hear the winds whistle and roar through the
trees;
They shake the fine houses, and even the snow
In the crisp air of night is beginning to freeze.

Pride, hateful to Venus, you 'd better suppress;
When the rope breaks, the wheel will its circuit
retrace;

A Tuscan will never her suitor distress,—
No Penelope ever was born of your race.

But if neither gifts nor entreaties prevail,
And in spite of them all you will cruel remain,
If the cheeks of your lovers grow lividly pale,
And the singing girl mashes your husband in
vain,

Spare your suppliants, Lyce; come down in your
pride,
Be less hard than the oak and less cold than the
snake;
Time will come, I'll not patiently lie on my side
On the sill in the hail and the rain for your sake.

It may be recalled here that Pope's favourite couplet, — the one "by which he declared his own ear to be most gratified," was —

Lo, where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanaïs through a waste of snows.

Here is an instance, according to an old Greek poet, where a sharp rebuke was administered to a serenader.

Foolish prater, what do'st thou
So often at my window do,
With thy tuneless serenade?
Well 't had been had Tercus made
Thee as dumb as Philomel;
There his knife had done but well.

ODE XI

TO THE LYRE

THIS is an address to the lyre, which is asked to furnish a song to win the heart of Lyde. Bentley and other editors of Horace adopt the title of "Ad Mercurium" for this ode. Macleane prefers for the inscription "Ad Testudinem" — to the Lyre or shell — on the ground that Mercury disappears after the first two verses. Still others adopt "To Lyde," as the poem is directed to this fair lady.

The principal theme is the story of the daughters of Danaüs, who murdered their husbands and were punished in Hades for their cruelty, in contrast with the tenderness of Hypermnestra, who spared hers. From this Lyde is to take warning.

"The poet begins," says Professor Smith, "with no definite theme in mind. He calls on his lyre, and on Mercury, who gave the lyre its magic power, to play a strain to which

even Lyde shall listen, — Lyde, the shy young girl, playful as a colt and with as little thought of love. He appeals to the past achievements of the lyre, how, in the hands of Orpheus, it charmed the woods and streams and wild beasts, yes, even the monsters of the underworld, and Ixion and Tityos in their torment, and the Danaïds, — let Lyde hear the tale of the Danaïds. Thus he comes upon his theme naturally, as it were, and without design. He shows his skill further in disposing of the disagreeable part of the story first, the crime and the subsequent punishment of the wicked sisters; and against this dark background he paints the bright picture of the one who was found faithful. His taste is shown no less in leaving off at the point where the heroic girl is left to face death as the consequence of her devoted courage and womanly pity. Ovid has treated the same subject in the ‘*Heroïdes*,’ following the lines laid down by Horace.”

Mercury, or Hermes, was regarded as the father of the swelling lyre — “*curvae lyrae parens*,” for, according to the legend, the god found on the shore of the much-roaring sea the empty shell of a tortoise, and he stretched chords across it, and thus made the second

musical instrument, the first having been Pan's pipes.

Lowell, in "The Shepherd of King Admetus," tells of Apollo, how —

Upon an empty tortoise-shell
He stretched some cords and drew
Music that made men's bosoms swell
Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with dew.

The "testudo" or "cithara" had originally but four strings. Terpander added to it three more, about B. C. 676. Skilful musicians sometimes had lyres with as many as eleven strings. Shakespeare's memorable line reads:

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast.

In the ancient days it had even greater power: Orpheus with his lute disarmed the fierce rage of Cerberus. "Movit Amphion lapides canendo," says Horace; the stones themselves moved up and took their places in the wall of the city of Thebes — Tennyson's "song-built towers and gates" — when Jove-begotten Amphion struck his lyre. Under the blasts of the horns of Joshua, the walls of Jericho were levelled to the ground. All poetry is full of references to this divine power of harmonious sound. In the lines —

Nec loquax olim, neque grata, nunc et
divitum mensis et amica templis,

Horace indicates the function of music at dinner. Ronsard, "A sa Lyre," wrote : —

Toy qui jadis des grands rois les viandes
Faisois trouver plus douces et friandes.

The seventh stanza —

Audiat Lyde scelus atque notas
virginum poenas —

begins the story of the Danaïds, the fifty daughters of Danaüs, king of Argos. Hypermnestra, the only one who spared her husband, was actuated by tender-heartedness, not by love ; for if she had spared Lynceus for love, she would probably have fled with him. The Danaïds were condemned forever to pour water into a bottomless cistern, or, others say, into a sieve.

Schiller represents them as singing : —

Into the sieve we've been pouring for years, o'er
the stone we've been brooding ;
But the stone never warms, nor does the sieve ever
fill.

Professor Shorey says that Horace's readers were familiar with the statues of the Danaïds "that stood in the intercolumniations of the temple and library of Palatine Apollo," as

described by Propertius (3, 29, 3) and by Ovid (Tristia, 3, 1, 61).

The version of Gladstone faces the Latin text; that by Francis follows: —

O thou, by whose harmonious aid,
Amphion's voice the listening stones could lead:
And sweetest shell, of power to raise,
On seven melodious strings, thy various lays;
Not vocal, when you first were found,
But of a simple and ungrateful sound;
Now tuned so sweetly to the ear,
That gods and men with sacred rapture hear;
Oh! thou inspire the melting strain
To charm my Lyde's obstinate disdain,
Who, like a filly o'er the field,
With playful spirit bounds, and fears to yield
To hand of gentlest touch, or prove,
Wild as she is, the joys of wedded love.
'T is yours, with all their beasts of prey,
To bid the forests move, and powerful stay
The rapid stream. The dog of hell,
Immense of bulk, to thee soft-soothing fell,
And suppliant bowed, though round his head
His hundred snakes their guardian horrors spread;
Baleful his breath though fiery glowed,
And from his three-tongued jaws fell poison flowed.
Ixion, of his pains beguiled,
And Tityus, with unwilling pleasure, smiled;
Dry stood their urn, while with soft strain
You soothed the labours of the virgin train.
Let Lyde hear what pains, decreed,
Though late, in death attend the direful deed.
There doomed to fill, unceasing task!
With idle toil, an ever-streaming cask;

Impious, who, in the hour of rest,
Could plunge their daggers in a husband's breast.
Yet worthy of the nuptial flame,
And nobly meriting a deathless name,
Of many, one untainted maid,
Gloriously false, her perjured sire betrayed.
Thus to her youthful lord, — "Arise ;
Awake, lest sleep eternal close thine eyes ;
Eternal sleep : and ah ! from whom
You little dreaded the relentless doom.
Oh ! fly, my lord, this wrathful sire ;
Far from my sisters fly, those sisters dire,
Who riot in their husbands' blood,
As lionesses rend their panting food ;
While I, to such fell deeds a foe,
Nor bind thee here, nor strike the fatal blow.
Me let my father load with chains,
Or banish to Numidia's farthest plains ;
My crime that I, a loyal wife,
In mercy spared a wretched husband's life.
While Venus, and the shades of night
Protect thee, speed, by sea or land, thy flight.
May every happy omen wait
To guide thee through this gloomy hour of fate.
Yet not forgetful of my doom,
Engrave thy grateful sorrow on my tomb."

ODE XII

NEOBULE'S SOLILOQUY

THIS ode represents a girl lamenting to herself over a love she must not indulge. Uncles were proverbial for their severity toward their wards, and Neobule's kept her too hard at work for the indulgence of the tender passion. The man she loves is Hebrus, whom she represents as the perfection of beauty and manliness.

Landor imitates the fifth and sixth lines,—

Mother, I cannot mind my wheel;
My fingers ache, my lips are dry.

Horace undoubtedly had in mind here one of the odes of Sappho, only a fragment of which has come down to us. It runs thus:—

Mother! sweet mother! 't is in vain;
I cannot now the shuttle throw.
That youth is in my heart and brain;
And Venus' lingering fires within me glow.

Moore says : —

Thus, girls, would you keep quiet hearts,
Your snowy fingers must be nimble ;
The safest shield against the darts
Of Cupid is Minerva's thimble.

The fine version of this poem by Henry Hubbard Pierce accompanies the text. He was an officer of the United States Army, and during his service as such made many beautiful translations of Horace, which were published in a volume after his death.

The present ode was rendered into English by Lieutenant-Colonel Parke, A. M., Philadelphia, 1782, and was addressed to a young lady at boarding-school : —

Hapless girl, hard doom'd to pine,
Without love and without wine !
Always trembling and in fear
Of a guardian's tongue severe :
But wing'd Cupid rules your heart,
Heedless of Minerva's art, —
Turns your spindle to a dart.
Hebrus now employs your mind ;
Hebrus, gentle, brave, and kind.
None with such athletic force,
Knows to rein the mettled horse ;
Not Bellerophon could claim
Such dexterity and fame.
When from Tiber's yellow waves,
Where his oily sides he laves,

In the circus he appears,
Stronger than his bold compeers ;
Or with rapid speed he flies,
Wins the race and bears the prize.
Now swift bounding o'er the grounds,
With the fatal dart he wounds
Stags, that far outstrip the breeze,
Or deep couched 'mong the trees ;
Slays the boar by quick surprise,
As in covert snug he lies.

The following burlesque by Roswell Field
is reprinted from "Echoes from the Sabine
Farm :"—

A sorry life, forsooth, these wretched girls are under-
going,
Restrained from draughts of pleasant wine, from lov-
ing favours showing,
For fear an uncle's tongue a reprimand will be be-
stowing.

Sweet Cytherea's winged boy deprives you of your
spinning,
And Hebrus, Neobule, his sad havoc is beginning
Just as Minerva thriftily gets ready for an inning.

Who could resist the gallant youth, as Tiber's wave
he breasted,
Or when the palm of riding from Bellerophon he
wrested,
Or when with fists and feet the sluggers easily he
bested?

He shot the fleeing stag with regularity surprising ;
The way he intercepted boars was quite beyond sur-
mising, —
No wonder that your thoughts this youth has been
monopolising !

So I repeat that with these maids fate is unkindly
dealing,
Who never can in love's affair give license to their
feeling
Or share those sweet emotions when a gentle jag is
stealing.

ODE XIII

TO THE BANDUSIAN FOUNTAIN

MANY fountains were mentioned by the ancient poets. Most famous were Hippocrene, Castalia, and Arethusa in Greece, and Horace raised to almost equal celebrity the *fons Bandusiae* or *Blandusiae*. Its site cannot be identified with certainty.

Acron and other authorities supposed the Bandusian fountain to be near Horace's Sabine home, identifying it with the rivulet of Digen-tia, now Licenza. Dillenburger, Orelli, and Maclean place it in Horace's native soil, about six miles from the site of Venusia.

In "Ancient Classics for English Readers — Horace," there is a description of the locality. But, as Professor Smith observes, "if we were obliged to relegate the spring entirely to the realm of fancy, the poem would lose none of its exquisite beauty." This was Eugene Field's favourite Horatian poem.

A good description of the spring is furnished by Sir Theodore Martin, who visited the place in September, 1858. He relates how, in his search for the real fons Bandusiae, after clambering up a very rugged path he came at last to the "exquisitely Arcadian" spot described by Mr. Dennis.

"But, alas!" he says, "*the fountain was dry!*" And this after our rough scramble of two miles from the villa. There is, however," he continues, "within a few hundred yards of the villa, a most abundant spring, called 'Fonte della Corte,' which I suppose to be the same as that which was called in Eustace's time Fonte Bello. Near it are the ruins of a house called 'la Corte,' the owners of which, in the seventeenth century probably, by building a wall some distance below where the spring, clear and cold, *ut nec frigidior Thracam nec purior ambiat Hebrus*, bursts out from the steep hillside, have made an artificial cascade. The ground about is now cultivated, but I see no reason why the fountain in its natural state may not have corresponded exactly with the description of the poet, and leaped from rock to rock beneath overshadowing holm-oaks.

"Let me add that my guide said that the

Fonte della Corte (near by) was also called 'Fonte Blandusi.' In fact, they are quite ready to give the name to whichever fountain the traveller pleases ! ”

The smooth and rhythmical version that faces the Latin text was published in the “Dublin University Magazine” in May, 1804, over the signature “R. W. K.”

Sir Theodore's version, in twenty-four lines, eight more than the text, follows : —

O fountain of Bandusia,
Sparkling brighter, in thy play,
Far than crystal, thou of wine
Worthy art and fragrant twine
Of fairest flowers ! To-morrow thou
A kid shalt have, whose swelling brow,
And horns just budding into life,
Give promise both of love and strife.
Vain promise all ! For in the spring
And glory of his wantoning,
His blood shall stain thy waters cool
With many a deep-ensanguined pool.

Thee the fiery star, the hot
Breath of noonday toucheth not.
Thou a grateful cool dost yield
To the flocks that range afield,
And breathest freshness from thy stream
To the labour-wearied team.
Thou, too, shalt be one erelong
Of the fountains famed in song,

When I sing the ilex bending
O'er thy mosses, whence descending
Thy delicious waters bound,
Prattling to the rocks around.

There is a genuine Horatian grace in Proctor's "Inscription for a Fount," which reads :

Whosoe'er shall wander near
When the Syrian heat is worst,
Let him hither come, nor fear
Lest he may not slake his thirst.

Here is a Scotch imitation of two stanzas :

Thou bonnie, modest mountain spring,
That tinkles oot aneath a stane
An' seems to thy ainsel' to sing —
For listener near is nane —
There's neither birk nor rowan tree
Bends owre thy brink to shelter thee,
An' but ae gowan frae the lea
Has wandert here its lane.

Dacier remarks that they who will carefully examine the turn, and inimitable simplicity of the description which Horace here gives of the Fountain of Blandusia, will find it one of the prettiest pieces extant of its kind. What renders it still more valuable is, that it furnishes us with a very curious example of the ceremonies observed by the Romans when they sacrificed to fountains.

"Dulci digne mero, non sine floribus."

The ancients, when they made libations, filled a cup to the brim, and covered it with a chaplet of flowers. Thus Tibullus says : —

Coronatus stabit et ipse calix.

The springs of rivers were sacred, and each had its divinity ; on which account, groves were dedicated to them, chapels consecrated, and altars raised. Thus Horace, in the first ode of the First Book : —

*Ad aquae lene caput sacrae,
At the gentle source of a sacred stream.*

Homer (in the 17th Book of the Odyssey), describing a fountain near Ithaca, says, “There was an altar close by it.” His description of it is not very different from this of Horace : —

Where, from the rock, with liquid leaps distils a
limpid Fount —

Neritus, Ithacus, Polyctor, there
In sculptur'd stone immortalis'd their guard,
In marble urns receiv'd it from above,
And shaded with a green surrounding grove ;
Where silver alders, in high arches twin'd,
Drink the cool stream, and tremble to the wind,
Beneath (frequented by the nymphs) is seen
A mossy altar, deep embower'd in green ;
Where constant vows by travellers are paid,
And holy horrors solemnise the shade.

Austin Dobson's version in rondeau form illustrates to what a severe test the English

language must be put to make it reproduce
French artifice : —

O babbling Spring, than glass more clear,
Worthy of wreath and cup sincere,
To-morrow shall a kid be thine
With swelled and sprouting brows for sign, —
Sure sign ! — of loves and battles near.

Child of the race that butt and rear !
Not less, alas ! his life-blood dear
Must tinge thy cold wave crystalline,
O babbling Spring !

Thee Sirius knows not. Thou dost cheer
With pleasant cool the plough-worn steer, —
The wandering flock. This verse of mine
Will rank thee one with founts divine ;
Men shall thy rock and tree revere,
O babbling Spring !

Numerous imitations of the Bandusian song
are to be found in modern poets from Petrarch
down.

Wordsworth speaks of the fountain in the
lines : —

Or when the prattle of Blandusia's spring
Haunted his ear, he only listening.

Leigh Hunt, in "Rimini," describes the
musical plunge of the water over the brim of
the fount : —

There gushed a rill
Whose low sweet talking seemed as if it said
Something eternal to that happy shade.

ODE XIV

A THANKSGIVING

THIS Ode was written in anticipation of a *supplicatio* or public thanksgiving for the safe return of Augustus to Rome, B. C. 24, after an absence of nearly three years on an expedition into Spain, where he had conquered the Cantabrians and Asturians. In the 35th ode of the First Book, written at the time of Augustus' departure from Rome, Horace says, "I pray, O goddess, that you would take care to preserve Cæsar, who is designing an expedition against the Britons, who inhabit the utmost corners of the earth." Augustus originally planned an expedition against Britain, but being dissuaded from his purpose changed his course and went into Spain.

Few good English versions of this Ode have been made. Gladstone's faces the Latin text. A very interesting imitation was made by Lieutenant-Colonel Parke in 1782; it was

on General Washington's return from Virginia, and was addressed to Major-General Henry Knox, "late Commander of Artillery, and Secretary at War, New York."

Rejoice, *Columbia*, for thy son,
As great *Alcides* did of yore,
With laurels crown'd, and fame in battles won,
Returns victorious from *Virginia's* shore:
Cornwallis vanquish'd and our country saved,
The grateful tribute of our joy demands,
On ev'ry heart his name's engrav'd,
Long as the united empire stands.

Chaste M—— shall embrace her spouse,
So long detain'd by war's alarms;
And to the righteous Heaven prepare her vows,
For giving back her hero to her arms.
Her widow'd daughter beautiful in tears,
Shall grace the scene, and swell the thankful train,
While aged matrons bent with years,
Shall crowd the supplicated fane.

Ye maids in blooming beauty's pride,
Ye lovely youths, a hopeful race!
Say not, alas! your dearest friends have died,
Nor let a frown of sadness cloud your face:
This day let mirth alone your souls employ,
Nor, careless, drop one inauspicious word;
But join the great éclat of joy,
And hail *Columbia's* valiant lord.

Well pleas'd I give each anxious care
To plotting knaves and coward fools,

No civil strife or foreign wars I fear
While *Washington* our conqu'ring army rules.
Boy, bring us oil, and let our heads be crown'd
With fragrant wreaths, go tap the farthest pipe,
If such a one is to be found,
That 'scap'd the plund'ring Briton's gripe.

Let Mira come the feast to grace,
With hair perfumed in jetty curl!
But should her porter tease you with delays,
Bid him be damn'd, and leave the saucy churl.
Now — creeping age, with venerable hoar
And snowy locks o'ershade my wrinkled brows;
With love my bosom beats no more,
No more my breast with anger glows.

Such flights I was not wont to bear,
When young I follow'd Mars's trade;
When in the field I bore the warlike spear,
The sword, the epaulet and spruce cockade.

The version by Francis conveys a good idea
of the original : —

Thy prince, O Rome, who foreign realms
Explored like Jove's immortal son,
Fearless to seek the laurel wreath
By death and glorious daring won,
Victorious comes from farthest Spain,
To Rome and all his guardian gods again.

Let her, who to her arms receives
With joy her own, her laurelled spouse,
Her private sacrifice performed,
Pay to just heaven her public vows,

And let the fair Octavia lead
The matron train in suppliant veils arrayed :

The matron train, to whose glad arms
Their sons, with conquest crowned, return ;
And you, fair youth, whose pious tears
Your slaughtered sires and husbands mourn,
This day at least your griefs restrain,
And luckless from ill-omened words abstain.

This day, with truly festal joy,
Shall drive all gloomy cares away,
For while imperial Cæsar holds
O'er the glad earth his awful sway,
Nor fear of death from foreign arms,
Or civil rage my dauntless soul alarms.

Boy, bring us essence, bring us crowns ;
Pierce me a cask of ancient date,
Big with the storied Marsian war,
And with its glorious deeds replete,
If yet one jovial cask remain,
Since wandering Spartacus o'erswept the plain.

Invite Næra to the feast,
Who sweetly charms the listening ear,
And bid the fair one haste to bind
In careless wreaths her essenced hair ;
But should her porter bid you stay,
Leave the rough, surly rogue, and come away.

When hoary age upon our heads
Pours down its chilling weight of snows,
No more the breast with anger burns,
No more with amorous heat it glows :

Such treatment Horace would not bear,
When warm with youth, when Plancus filled the
consul's chair.

L. Munatius Plancus was consul B. C. 42
(Horace is now forty-one, but prematurely
gray, *praecanus*).

The "storied Marsian war" — also called
the Italian or Social war — was undertaken by
the chief tribes of the peninsula led by the
Marsi, the bravest and most important of
them, for the purpose of substantiating their
claim to the Roman franchise. It lasted
from B. C. 91 to 88. The Servile war, of
which Spartacus was the principal figure,
occurred from B. C. 73 to 71, and the ravages
it caused are vividly pictured in the sugges-
tion that not even a wine jar of that time was
left intact.

ODE XV

TO CHLORIS

AN early editor of Horace entitled this satirical poem "On a Skittish Beldam." A later English edition treats it euphemistically, supplying the heading, "To Chloris who retains the caprices without the charms of her youth." Lord Lytton also tones it down: "On an old woman affecting youth." It is addressed to a lustful old hag, Chloris, the wife of the poor man, Ibycus, telling her it is time to put an end to her intrigues and spend the few remaining years of life in occupations suitable for a person ready to drop into her grave. It is a favourite theme with Horace, who touches on it in Odes I, 25, IV, 13, and in the eighth epode.

The spinning and weaving of wool, *lanificium*, was held to be the fitting employment of decorous Roman matrons: Orelli quotes a charming inscription on a certain Murdia,

where it is ranked side by side with the highest virtues : “ in goodness, modesty, obedience, wool-making (*probitate, pudicitia, obsequio, lanificio*), she was the equal of any of her sex.”

The English version facing the Latin text is by Thomas Charles Baring, late Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford, who published in London in 1870, “The Lyrics of Horace done into English Rhyme.” The Francis version is unusually spirited : —

Thou poor man's incumbrance, thou rake of a wife,
At length put an end to this infamous life ;
Now near thy long home, to be ranked with the
shades,

Give over to frisk it with buxom young maids,
And, furrowed with wrinkles, profanely to shroud
Those bright constellations with age's dark cloud.

What Pholoë well, with a decency free,
Might practise, sits awkward, O Chloris, on thee.
Like her, whom the timbrel of Bacchus arouses,
Thy daughter may better lay siege to the houses
Of youthful gallants, while she wantonly gambols,
Of Nothus enamoured, like a goat in its rambles ;
The spindle, the distaff, and wool-spinning thrifty,
Not musical instruments, fit thee at fifty,
Nor roses impurpled, enriching the breeze,
Nor hogsheads of liquor drunk down to the lees.

It is interesting to compare the French and German treatment of this somewhat unsavoury poem.

ODE XVI

IN PRAISE OF CONTENTMENT

IN this poem Horace reverts to his favourite theme, — contentment and moderation, as suggested by Mæcenas, who, when he might have entered the senatorial order, remained an *eques* or knight, and as illustrated by himself. He pictures the insidious influence of gold in the stories of Danaë and others who had been seduced by it, and he contrasts these historical instances with his own happiness in a humble but independent situation.

“I dread,” he argues, “a high estate. The more a man denies himself, the more the gods will give him. I fly from the rich to the contented, and am more independent than any poor rich man in the world. My stream, and my little grove, and my Sabine farm, are a happier portion than all Africa. I have no honey of Calabria, nor wine of Formiæ, nor Gaulish fleece, yet poverty does not pinch me; and if I wanted more, thou, O good Mæcenas, art ready to give it. Who ask much, lack much. It is well with him who has enough. To want little is

the greatest wealth, the greatest boon Heaven can bestow."

The second stanza suggests the following lines from Shakespeare, "Timon of Athens," Act IV : —

What this, you gods ! why, this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides ;
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads.
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions, bless the accursed,
Make the hoar leprosy adored ; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench : this is it
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again ;
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast gorge at, this embalms, and spices
To the April day again.

This suggests the Anacreontic ode on gold : —

A curse on her and on the man
Who this traffic first began !
A curse on him who found the ore !
A curse on him who digg'd the store !
A curse on him who did refine it !
A curse on him who first did coin it !
A curse, all curses else above,
On him who used it first in love !
Gold begets in brethren hate,
Gold in families debate ;
Gold does friendship separate,
Gold does evil wars create,
These the smallest harms of it !
Gold, alas ! does love beget !

The Rev. John Mitford's translation of the Danaë ode has been chosen to face the text. Cowley's paraphrase, which Professor Shorey says is "quaint and subtle," runs as follows : —

A Tower of Brass, one would have said,
And Locks, and Bolts, and Iron Bars,
Might have preserved one innocent Maidenhead.
The jealous Father thought he well might spare
All further jealous Care.
And, as he walk'd, t' himself alone he smiled,
To think how Venus' Arts he had beguiled ;
And when he slept, his rest was deep,
But Venus laugh'd, to see and hear him sleep ;
She taught the am'rous Jove
A magical Receipt in Love,
Which arm'd him stronger, and which help'd him
more,
Than all his Thunder did, and his Almightyship
before.

She taught him Love's Elixir, by which Art
His Godhead into Gold he did convert ;
No Guards did then his passage stay,
He pass'd with Ease, Gold was the Word ;
Subtle as Light'ning, bright and quick and fierce,
Gold thro' Doors and Walls did pierce ;
And as that works sometimes upon the Sword,
Melted the Maidenhead away,
Ev'n in the secret Scabbard where it lay.
The prudent Macedonian King,
To blow up Towns a Golden Mine did spring.
He broke thro' Gates with this Petar,
'Tis the great Art of Peace, the Engine 't is of War :

And Fleets and Armies follow it afar ;
The Ensign 't is at Land ; and 't is the Seaman's
Star.

Let all the World Slave to this Tyrant be,
Creatures to this disguised Deitie ;
Yet it shall never conquer me.
A Guard of Virtues will not let it pass,
And Wisdom is a Tower of stronger Brass,
The Muses' Laurel round my Temples spread
Does from this Light'ning's force secure my head ;
Nor will I lift it up so high,
As in the violent Meteor's way to lye.
Wealth for its Power do we honour and adore ?
The things we hate, *Ill* Fate and Death, have
more.

From Towns and Courts, Camps of the Rich and
Great,
The vast Xerxean Army, I retreat ;
And to the small Laconick Forces fly,
Which hold the Straits of Poverty,
Cellars and Granaries in vain we fill
With all the bounteous Summer's Store,
If the Mind thirst and hunger still :
The poor rich Man's emphatically poor.
Slaves to the Things we too much prize,
We Masters grow of all that we despise.

A Field of Corn, a Fountain, and a Wood,
Is all the Wealth by Nature understood.
The Monarch on whom fertile Nile bestowes
All that which grateful Earth can bear,
Deceives himself, if he suppose
That more than this falls to his share.

the Great, Philip II., who reigned B. C. 366–358. He said that no fortress was impregnable up to which an ass laden with gold could be driven, and his bribery of Greek statesmen is the constant theme of the warnings of Demosthenes. Juvenal (12, 47) calls him “callidus emptor Olynthi.” Besides Olynthus he bought Potidæa and Amphipolis. Cicero, in a letter to Atticus (I, 16) cites this cynical remark in positive form: “Any fortress accessible to a gold-laden ass can be taken.”

There are many references in the poets to Danaë, whom Acrisius, her father, king of Argos, shut up in a brazen tower, having been informed by the oracle that she would bear a son who would kill him. William Morris relates the story in “The Earthly Paradise.” The late Thomas Davidson, in his lyric “Danaë,” exquisitely describes her escape with the infant Theseus.

In Prior’s “An English Padlock” we find:—

Miss Danaë when fair and young
(As Horace has divinely sung)
Could not be kept from Jove’s embrace
By doors of steel and walls of brass.

And in Herrick : —

Rosamond was in a bower
Kept as Danaë in a tower.

The Sargent prize at Harvard University was awarded in 1892 to Miss M. F. Herrick, of Boston, then a Radcliffe undergraduate, for the following version of the present ode, which is interesting by way of comparison with the renderings of the old masters : —

Long in her tower had languished Danaë,
Fast-caged by massive, heavy-bolted doors,
And guarded safe by savage-baying hounds
From midnight lovers' vows.

But Jupiter and Venus laughed to scorn
The anxious jailer of the hidden maid,
Acrisius; for the quest would easy prove
To gold-disguised god.

Through armed guards gold loves to thread its way,
And stronger than the thunder-bolt break through
Thick walls of rock ; the Argive augur's house
For love of lucre fell,

In ruin plunged ; the man of Macedon
Cleft city-gates, and undermined the power
Of rival thrones with bribes ; and bribes will buy
The navy's doughty lords.

Care follows growing wealth, and in its tracks
Comes thirst for greater things ; hence have I
shrunk

From lifting high my head above the throng,
Mæcenas, flower of knights.

The more that man shall manfully forego,
The more the gods shall give. Naked I seek
The camp of the Contented, and with joy
Desert the ranks of wealth,

More glorious as the lord of things despised
Than if within my granaries lay the crops
For which the Apulian toils with plough and scythe,
'Mid wide possessions, poor.

A limpid stream, a narrow strip of woods,
And my unshaken hope of ripening grain
To him who shines with sunny Afric's crown
Seem not a fairer lot.

Though not for me Calabrian bees hive sweets,
Nor wine grows mellow in its Formian jars,
Nor flocks for me graze in the Gallic meads
With ever-thickening fleece,

From poverty's insistence am I free,
Nor, did I long for more, wouldst thou deny.
Better can I by limited desires
Extend my scanty means,

Than if I added to Alyattes' realm
The Phrygian fields. Who yearns for much, lacks
much.
Blessed is he to whom with sparing hand
God giveth just enough.

ODE XVII

TO L. ÆLIUS LAMIA

The pride of ancestry, and the desire of continuing our lineage, when they tend to an incitement of virtuous and noble actions, are undoubtedly laudable. — THE CONNOISSEUR.

SOME of the commentators, with entire lack of the sense of humour, have taken this playful little poem with solemn seriousness. Maclean says "the verses have no particular merit, and could have cost Horace little labour." Hague says "the finished diction of the ode has been remarked upon by scholars." Lord Lytton quotes Mitscherlich as saying: "His own good sense will easily show any well-bred gentleman (*urbanum*) that Horace here, in a well-bred, gentlemanlike way, offers himself as a guest, — in plain words hints that Lamia should ask him to dine." And he takes note that the commentator in Orelli observes with much feeling asperity: "In the

whole poem there is not a vestige of this sort of gentlemanlike good-breeding, if gentlemanlike good-breeding it be, which it is permitted vehemently to doubt." But since this song and the twenty-sixth of the First Book were addressed to the same person, it would seem as if he might take the liberty of proposing to share the sucking pig — *porcus bimestris* — with his friend. But the invitation is so veiled that it requires a truly Bentleyan annotator to discover it. Maclean says, "L. Ælius Lamia was a young man of good birth, being of the Ælia gens, who were plebeians, but of old standing. Like other families, the Lamia were, perhaps, glad to trace their origin to a fabulous hero, and believed their founder to be Lamus, mythical king of the Læstrygonians, and builder of Formiæ, whence they must have migrated to Rome."

Ovid says in the Fourteenth Book of his "Metamorphoses:" —

Inde Lami veterem Laestrygonis, inquit, in urbem
venimus.

Just as the Romans prided themselves on descending from the ancient families of Ilium, so the inhabitants of Formiæ in Latium

claimed that their "high-hung" town was the same as the Læstrygonia mentioned by Homer (Odyssey, X, 81), —

ἑβδομάτῃ δ' ἰκόμεσθα Λάμου αἰπὺ πτολίεθρον,
τηλέπυλον Λαιστρυγονίην.

On the seventh day we came to the lofty little city of Lamos, Laistrygonia with wide gates.

The version of Dr. Francis faces the Latin text of this complimentary poem.

Lord Lytton catches not only the spirit, but also something of the rhythm of the original in his rhymeless version, to which he prefixes these biographical data : —

"This personage," he says, "was the son of the L. Æ. Lamia who supported Cicero in the suppression of the Catiline conspiracy, and appears during the civil wars to have espoused the party of Cæsar. Horace's friend was consul A. D. 3; afterwards appointed by Tiberius governor of Syria, but not allowed to enter on the administration of the province. He became, A. D. 32, *Praefectus Urbi*, and died the following year." The following is Lord Lytton's version : —

Noble Ælius, whose house hath its rise in that
Lamus
From whom both the first and the later descend-
ants

(As attesting memorials record)
The great name of Lamia inherit,

Thou canst trace back, indeed, to an absolute monarch,
Holding sway, it is said, over Formia's walled ramparts,
And the waters of Liris, that flow
Into grassy domains of Marica.

To-morrow the East wind shall send us a tempest,
Which — if true be the crow, that old seer of foul
weather —
Shall strew in the grove many leaves ;
On the shore many profitless sea-weeds.

Whilst thou canst, then, protect from the rains the
dry faggots ;
Spend to-morrow in resting thyself and thy household ;
Feast thy genius with wine — but not mixed ;
And do not forget a young porker.

Dacier says that the crow presages rain
“when she caws, and walks alone on the sea-shore
or on the banks of the river and pools.”
Thus Vergil, in the first Georgic : —

*Tum cornix rauca pluviam vocat improba voce,
et sola in sicca secum spatiat arena.*

The crow with clamorous cries the shower demands,
And single stalks along the desert sands.

Pliny makes the same observation in Chapter XXXV of his Eighteenth Book : —

Et cum terrestres volucres contra aquas clangores
dabunt, perfundentes sese, sed maxime cornix.

It is a sign of rain when land-fowl, and especially crows, are clamorous near waters, and wash themselves.

Horace again refers to the crow in the twenty-seventh ode of this Book —

Imbrium divina avis imminetium, —

as being prophetic of impending showers.

The *genius* mentioned in the fourteenth line was supposed by the Romans to be a sort of spiritual *alter ego* which is born and perishes along with each of us, and shares all our joys and sorrows. It is frequently referred to by Horace.

It corresponded to the Daimon or Demon of Socrates, or perhaps, rather more accurately, to what esoteric Buddhism calls the astral body, wraith, spiritual body or birth-spirit. Shakespeare, in *Julius Cæsar* II, 1, speaks of “the genius and the mortal instruments.”

Matthew Arnold, in his “*Palladium*,” says, —

To the just-pausing genius we remit
Our well-worn life, and are — what we have been.
And Mrs. Browning, in the “*Sonnets from the*

Portuguese," though with perhaps a different meaning, mentions —

My ministering life-angel.

The Liris, now called Garigliano, flows into the sea through the marshes of Minturnæ. Horace refers to these marshes as *Maricae litora*, the nymph Marica having been the mother of Latinus, first king of Latium. The Liris is admirably described as "floating amid them" because of its lazy movement through the level marshy district.

ODE XVIII

TO FAUNUS

IN this charming hymn the poet prays to the guardian of the flocks, Faunus, here perhaps identified with Lupercus, the wolf-warder, to protect his fields and bounds, and be propitious to his weanlings; since on his regular festival day, February 13, the *faunalia* had been appropriately celebrated with the sacrifice of a tender kid on his ancient altar.

Pan was a very choleric god; he is thus described in the first Idyllium of Theocritus :

Shepherd ! I dare not tread that hallowed ground !
'T is now high noon, and Pan will hear the sound ;
Wearied with sport, he there lies down to rest,
And is a fretful god.

Horace therefore begs him to pass through his grounds in good temper. “ Besides,” says Dacier, “ when a god forsook a country, city, or a house, it was useless to beg him not to go away in wrath, nor to leave any marks of

his displeasure and hatred in the place which he left."

To understand the passage correctly (*abeasque parvis aequus alumnis*), Dacier says it must be remembered that the ancients fancied that many of these gods passed the winter in one place, and the summer in another. Thus Faunus was supposed to come into Italy on the 13th of February, and to return into Arcadia on the 5th of December. A sacrifice was offered to him before his arrival and at his departure. See the seventeenth ode of the First Book.

The Latin text of this ode is accompanied by the recent version of the late General Hyde.

The eminent writer and scholar, William Henry Herbert (1807-1858), made the following English version: —

Walk lightly o'er my sunny fields and round my
 little farm,
And spare the firstlings of my flock from blight or
 wasting harm;
Dear Faun, who know'st the flying nymphs to fol-
 low and to charm.

We'll slay a kid, a tender kid of one full year, well
 grown,

And with the wine which Venus loves, the brimming
cups we 'll crown,
And round the ancient altar's horns the incense shall
be strewn.

And when December's nones come round, the nones
beloved of thee,
In the long grass the herds and flocks shall sport
upon the lea;
And man and beast in idleness the livelong day
shall be.

For thee the very wolves shall play the fearless
lambs among;
For thee the very trees shall shed their leaves so
fresh and strong;
And the ploughman shall adore thee with rustic
dance and song.

In the thirteenth line of the text, in the
reference to the harmony between the wolf
and the lamb Horace furnishes an interesting
parallel to the idea expressed in Isaiah, chap-
ter ii, v. 6: "The wolf also shall dwell with
the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with
the kid," etc.

Calverley's spirited translation of this poem
must not be omitted: —

Wooper of young Nymphs who fly thee,
Lightly o'er my sunlit lawn
Trip, and go, nor injured by thee
Be my weanling herds, O Faun!

If the kid his doomed head bows, and
 Brims with wine the loving cup,
When the year is full ; and thousand
 Scents from altars hoar go up.

Each flock in the rich grass gambols
 When the month comes which is thine ;
And the happy village rambles
 Fieldward with the idle kine :

Lambs play on, the wolf their neighbour :
 Wild woods deck thee with their spoil ;
And with glee the sons of labour
 Stamp upon their foe, the soil.

ODE XIX

A FEAST IN HONOUR OF MURENA

DACIER says that this poem "has that free and easy turn which men who know the world, and have a good genius, commonly give to everything they say."

Telephus, the unknown person to whom this rollicking ode is addressed, seems to have been a sort of kill-joy. The poet begins by reproaching him for the introduction of irrelevant antiquarian questions about the eight hundred years between the dates of Inachus, first king of Argos, and Codrus, the last king of Athens. He makes it plain that while A. Terentius Varro Murena was an augur, Telephus the toast-master was a bore. Professor Smith says : —

There are two distinct scenes, — one occupying the first eight verses, and the other the remainder of the poem. How these are to be combined, Horace has by no means made clear. Perhaps the most probable explanation is this : On a sunny winter after-

noon a company of literary friends sit together in some garden or elsewhere out of doors, and one of their number has been discoursing at great length on subjects which the poet begins to think are very ancient history. The sun is sinking low, the air grows chill, the cold evening is coming on. Suddenly the poet "takes the floor," and interrupts the learned discourse with a demand that the company consider a question of much nearer concern, — where, when, and how they can prepare to spend a merry evening. Then, as if carried away by his imagination, but really with the purpose of carrying his hearers with him, he plays the *magister bibendi* before them, with spirited dramatic action, as if the symposium had already begun, — a performance for which the serious and quiet picture in the opening verses supplies a fitting background.

The version of this ode printed in the "Dublin University Magazine" for November, 1843, by William Dowe, is reprinted, facing the Latin text. It may be compared with Sir Theodore Martin's translation.

How long after Inachus, Codrus bore sway there
In Greece, for whose sake he so gallantly fell,
Every scion of Æacus' race, every fray there
Beneath holy Troy's leaguer'd walls you can tell.

But the price one may purchase choice old Chian
wine at,
Or who has good baths, that you never have told,
Nor where we shall find pleasant chambers to dine
at,
And when be secure from Pelignian cold.

To the new moon a cup, boy, to midnight another,
And quickly, — to augur Muræna a third !
To each bowl give three measures, or nine, — one
or t' other

Will do, less or more would be wrong and absurd !

The bard, who is vow'd to the odd-numbered
Muses,

For bumpers thrice three in his transport will
call ;

But the Grace with her loose-kirtled sisters refuses
To grant more than three in her horror of brawl.

For me, I delight to go mad for a season !

Why ceases the shrill Berecynthian flute
To pour its bewailings ? And what is the reason,
The lyre and the flageolet yonder hang mute ?

I hate niggard hands ; then strew freely the roses !

Let envious Lycus there hear the mad din,
And she, our fair neighbour, who with him reposes ;
That she with old Lycus should live is a sin.

Thee, Telephus, thee, with thy thick-flowing tresses
All radiant as Hesper at fall of the day,
Sweet Rhodè is longing to load with caresses,
Whilst I waste for Glycera slowly away !

The Graces, mentioned by Horace, were
the three daughters of Jupiter, or of the sun,
— Aglaia, Euphrosyne, and Thalia. Of all the
gods and goddesses in the whole mythology,
they were esteemed as most worthy of regard.
Thus Massieu expresses himself, in his dis-

sertation on this subject: "They instigated the very acts of benevolence and gratitude; they were the dispensers of liberality, eloquence, and wisdom; an amiable carriage and gaiety of temper, an easy behaviour, and those qualities which engage mankind to one another in the ties of love and friendship, were all their gift; and that winning address, which everybody feels and nobody can describe, — which alone sometimes supplies the place of merit, and without which merit is not beloved."

Lord Lytton says of the orgy:—

"The graduated process of a drinking-bout is most naturally simulated in these verses. First stage, the amiable expansion of heart in the friendly toast — the toleration of differing tastes; each man may drink as much as he likes. Secondly, the consciousness of getting drunk, and thinking it a fine thing; joy to go mad. Thirdly, the craving for noise; let the band strike up. Fourthly, a desire for something cool; roses in ancient Rome, soda-water in modern England. Fifthly, the combative stage; aggressive insult to poor old Lycus. Sixthly, the maudlin stage, soft and tender; complimentary to Telephus, and con-

fidingly pathetic as to his own less fortunate love-affairs."

This is probably the same Telephus mentioned in Ode XIII, Book I, and Ode XI, Book IV.

ODE XX

HORACE seems to have taken the greater part of the thought expressed in this ode from the "Trachiniæ" of Sophocles, who thus describes the combat of Hercules and Achelous for Dejanira: "They then furiously rushed to the field of battle to contend for Dejanira. Venus, who presided over love, sat sole judge of the fight, with her wand in her hand." Maclean says: —

It represents in heroic language a contest between Pyrrhus and a girl not named, for the affections of the handsome Nearchus. The last two stanzas furnish a striking group for a picture. The passion of the jealous girl, as of a lioness robbed of her whelps, and the conscious pride of the beautiful boy, are happily painted.

The Latin text is accompanied by the English version by G. J. Whyte-Melville.

Dr. Francis, who argues that the poet is dissuading Pyrrhus "from endeavouring to force a beautiful youth (Nearchus) from his damsel,"

retains the number of lines and stanzas of the original in his translation, which follows : —

Pyrrhus ! you tempt a danger high
When you would steal from hungry lioness her cubs, and soon shall fly
Inglorious.

What wars of horrid form arise
Through crowds of lovers when she flies
To seek her boy and snatch the prize,
Victorious !

You shoot ; she whets her tusks to bite ;
While he, who sits to judge the fight,
Treads on the palm with foot so white,
Disdainful !

And sweetly floating in the air,
Wanton he spreads his fragrant hair,
Like Ganymede, or Nireus fair,
And vainful.

The following melodious French prose version reflects well the spirited original : —

Tu ne vois pas, Pyrrhus, à quel danger tu t'exposes, en ravissant ses petits à une lionne de Gétulie. Mais bientôt faiblira ton courage, et tu finiras une lutte inégale, quand tu verras ton ennemi, perçant la foule de tes défenseurs, te redemander le beau Néarque. Combat terrible, qui laissera au vainqueur cette précieuse conquête !

Pendant que tu tires de ton carquois tes flèches rapides, et qu'elle aiguise ses dents redoutables, on dit que le juge de combat foule avec dédain la

palme sous ses pieds nus, et abandonne au souffle caressant du zéphyr ses épaules où flottent ses cheveux parfumés. Tel fut autrefois Nirée, ou Gany-mède enlevé aux humides sommets de l'Ida.

ODE XXI

TO A JAR OF WINE

THE *amphora*, called *testa* here, to be broached in honour of Horace's distinguished guest, is so far personified as to be spoken of as *nata mecum*, born with him during the consulship of Lucius Manlius Torquatus and Lucius Aurelius Cotta in B. C. 65. Marcus Valerius Messala Corvinus was an acquaintance of Horace's, probably as early as their residence at Athens. They were together with Brutus and Cassius at the battle of Philippi (42 B. C.), after which Messala sided with Marcus Antonius, till, in consequence of Antony's proceedings with Cleopatra, he joined Augustus. As consul he commanded the centre of the fleet at the battle of Actium, and in B. C. 27 he won a triumph by his victories over the Aquitanians. Professor Smith says: —

From this time on he abstained as much as pos-

sible from participation in public affairs, and devoted himself especially to practice in the courts, where his eloquence, which, when he was still very young, had won Cicero's commendation, gave him great eminence. He was distinguished also by wealth and high social position, and by a nobility of character which, says Quintilian, shone through his presence and address (*quodammodo praeferens in dicendo nobilitatem suam*, Quint. X, I, 113). He was devoted to literature, and gathered about him a circle of writers, the most famous of whom was Tibullus. The subject of the ode is the praise of wine. The poet stands before the *amphorae* in the *apotheca*, selecting one to be opened on the occasion of a visit from Messala, and gives utterance to his reflections on the potencies for good or ill with which the jar has stood charged this many a year.

The version selected to face the Latin text of this convivial song is by Sir Theodore Martin, who has admirably caught the spirit of the original.

Nicholas Rowe (1674-1718), the playwright, editor of Shakespeare, Poet Laureate, and translator of Lucan's "Pharsalia," which Dr. Johnson said deserved more notice than it obtained, made the following version, entitled, "To his Cask," which was published in 1697:

Hail, gentle cask! whose venerable head
With hoary down and ancient dust o'erspread
Proclaims that since the vine first brought thee forth
Old age has added to thy worth;

Whether the sprightly juice thou dost contain
Thy votaries will to wit and love,
Or senseless noise and lewdness move,
Or sleep, the cure of these and every other pain.

Since to some day propitious and great,
Justly at first thou wast design'd by fate;
This day, the happiest of thy many years,
With thee I will forget my cares:
To my Corvinus' health thou shalt go round
(Since thou art ripen'd for to-day
And longer age would bring decay)
Till every anxious thought in the rich stream be
drown'd.

To thee my friend his roughness shall submit,
And Socrates himself a while forget:
Thus when old Cato would sometimes unbend
The rugged stiffness of his mind,
Stern and severe, the stoic quaff'd his bowl,
His frozen virtue felt the charm,
And soon grew pleased, and soon grew warm,
And bless'd the sprightly power that cheer'd his
gloomy soul.

With kind constraint ill-nature thou dost bend,
And mould the snarling cynic to a friend.
The sage reserved, and famed for gravity,
Finds all he knows summ'd up in thee,
And by thy power unlock'd, grows easy, gay, and
free.
The swain who did some credulous nymph persuade
To grant him all, inspired by thee,
Devotes her to his vanity,
And to his fellow-fops toasts the abandon'd maid.

The wretch who, press'd beneath a load of cares,
And labouring with continual woes, despairs,
If thy kind warmth does his chill'd sense invade,
From earth he rears his drooping head :

Revived by thee, he ceases now to mourn ;

His flying cares give way to haste,

And to the god resigns his breast,
Where hopes of better days and better things re-
turn.

The labouring hind, who with hard toil and pains,
Amid his wants a wretched life maintains ;

If thy rich juice his homely supper crown,

Hot with thy fires, and bolder grown,

Of kings, and of their arbitrary power,

And how by impious arms they reign,

Fiercely he talks with rude disdain,

And vows to be a slave, to be a wretch no more.

Fair queen of love ! and thou, great god of wine !

Hear, every grace, and all ye powers divine,

All that to mirth and friendship do incline,

Crown this auspicious cask, and happy night,

With all things that can give delight ;

Be every care and anxious thought away ;

Ye tapers, still be bright and clear,

Rival the moon and each pale star ;

Your beams shall yield to none but his who brings
the day.

Ovid's "Art of Love," I, 237-242, contains an imitation of lines 13-20 of this poem. Cotton's "Ode to Winter," and Herrick's "Farewell to Sack" and "A Hymn to

Bacchus" are in the Horatian vein. Burns, according to Sir Theodore Martin, "echoes the very words of Horace" in these lines: —

Food fills the wame, and keeps us livin',
Though life 's a gift no worth receivin',
When heavy dragg'd wi' pine and grievin';
 But, oiled by thee,
The wheels o' life gae doun-hill scrievin'
 Wi' rattlin' glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited lair,
Thou cheers the heart o' droopin' care,
Thou strings the nerves o' labour sair
 At 's weary toil;
Thou even brightens dark despair
 Wi' gloomy smile.

ODE XXII

TO DIANA

Professor Hague says: "We see no reason why we may not suppose that some event had occurred in the household of Horace, giving rise to this ode of thanksgiving and dedication. It was a household in which, as in others, marriages existed and were encouraged between the servants of the family." Lord Lytton, on the other hand, scouted all attempts made to extract a story out of the occasion and the offering as preposterous: it is one of the votive inscriptions common among the ancients and very fittingly dedicated to Diana.

William Boscawen's translation faces the text, and may be compared with Lord Lytton's, which, except the weakness of the last line, is admirable:—

Guardian of mountain-peaks and forests, Virgin,
Goddess triformed, who, thrice invoked, benignly
Dost hear young mothers in their hour of travail,
And from death save them;

Thine be this pine which overhangs my villa,
To which each closing year shall be devoted
A youthful boar, of sidelong thrusts indulging
Vain meditations.

Sir Theodore Martin's version is entitled
"To Diana : " —

Hail, guardian maid
Of mount and forest glade,
Who, thrice invoked, dost bow
Thine ear, and sendest aid
To girls in labour with the womb,
And snatchest them from an untimely tomb,
Goddess three-formèd thou !

I consecrate as thine
This overhanging pine,
My villa's shade ;
There, as my years decline,
The blood of boar so young, that he
Dreams only yet of sidelong strokes, by me
Shall joyfully be paid !

Puellas, in the second line, which Martin translates literally as "girls," here means young wives. Diana, like the Artemis of the Greeks, had various functions ; she was queen of the woods, and was also sometimes regarded as the goddess of childbirth, and identified with *Iuno Lucina* ; and as the *diva triformis* she was in heaven Luna, on earth Diana, and in hell Hecate. Her image had three faces, and was

placed where three ways met, *dea trivía*, and so she is the counterpart of the two-faced Janus.

Vergil (Aeneid, 4, 511) calls her : —

Tergeminamque Hecaten, tria Virginis ora Dianae.

Ovid in his "Fasti," 1, 141, introduces her thus : —

Ora vides Hecates in tres vertentia partes,
servet ut in ternas compita secta vias.

Swinburne, in "Atalanta," writes : —

Goddess, whom all gods love with threefold heart,
Being treble in thy divided deity.

Milton brings her into "Paradise Lost :"

With borrowed light her countenance triform.

Lowell attributes to her his inspiration : —

Goddess triform, I own thy triple spell :
Queen of my earth, Queen, too, of my Heaven and
Hell.

ODE XXIII

TO PHIDYLE

THE name Phidyle is derived from a Greek verb meaning to be sparing or thrifty, and the person to whom the poem is addressed may be imaginary. Early commentators supposed her to be Horace's country housekeeper, who had perhaps complained that he "did not permit her to sacrifice in a manner sufficiently handsome." Ruskin, in his "Queen of the Air," argues that he "tells the farmer's little girl that the gods will love her, though she has only a handful of salt and meal to give them." Professor Smith thinks the poet represents himself as talking with a country woman, — a farmer's wife, — whose pious soul is troubled at the meagreness of the offerings which her narrow means allow her to make, and comforting her with the assurance that her prayers will be answered, since a pure life and devout

spirit needs no costly sacrifice to win the favour of heaven.

Macleane says : —

Socrates was the first among the ancients, as far as is known, who took the view here given of the gods and their offerings. His opinions are related by Xenophon (Memor. I, 3, 3), and they are confirmed by the highest authority, which tells us that "if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, not according to that he hath not" (2 Cor. viii, 12).

In other words, it is a variation of the story of the widow's mite.

An English prose translation gracefully renders the lines : —

te nihil attinet
tentare multa caede bidentium
parvos coronantem marino
rore deos fragilique myrto : —

You have no need to besiege with sacrifice of many sheep the tiny gods you crown with rosemary and fragile myrtle.

The "tiny gods" were, of course, small images of the household gods, — the Penates, including the Lares as well as even Jupiter, Juno, and Vesta.

The *Lares* were the Manes or spirits of deceased members of a family, whose altar was usually in the atrium or entrance-hall. They

had libations and prayers offered to them daily, at the principal meal, and had especial sacrifices on the Kalends, Nones, and Ides.

Samuel said to Saul (1 Samuel xv, 22), "Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt-offerings and sacrifices as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than to sacrifice; and to hearken, than the fat of rams."

Rabbi Isaac Veto, in his sermon, preached on the fast day, February 6, 1756, said: —

Brethren, it is not ceremony alone which constitutes religion, without an observance of its precepts; it is not merely external appearance which is required; this is not enough; the heart is necessary, and alone is accepted by God.

The philosophers argue in the same strain. Seneca, having mentioned some ceremonies by which men were wont to express their devotion, says: —

Humana ambitio istis capitur officiis: Deum colit qui novit.

Human ambition is deceived with such observances; but he only can worship God who knows him.

"The first step," says he, "towards divine worship is to believe the being of a God, and

then to demean ourselves to him suitably to the greatness of His majesty : ” —

Vis Deos propitiare, bonus esto ; satis illos coluit quisquis imitatus est.

Would you render the gods propitious to you, be virtuous ; he only does truly worship them who labours to be like them.

From the second satire of Persius, Dryden translated the following beautiful lines : —

But let us for the gods a gift prepare
Which the great man's great changes cannot bear :
A soul, where laws, both human and divine,
In practice more than speculation shine ;
And genuine virtue of a vigorous kind,
Pure in the last recesses of the mind :
When with such offerings to the gods I come,
A cake, thus given, is worth a hecatomb.

It is interesting to compare the modern version of John Osborne Sargent with that of Sir Thomas Hawkins, facing the text, made nearly three hundred years ago : —

Thy palms to heaven in prayer and praise,
Lift up, my rustic Phidyle,
With every new moon's earliest rays ;
And humble though thine offering be
Of first fruits or a greedy swine,
Or incense on thy Lares' shrine,

No pestilential Afric gust
Shall blight the harvest of thy fields ;

No mistral blast, no mildew rust
The clusters that thy vineyard yields ;
Nor need thy tender nurslings fear
The deadly autumn of the year.

On Algidus, 'mid oaks and holms,
Or browsing Alba's grassy plain,
The peaceful herd unconscious roams,
Whose blood the pontiff's axe shall stain ;
For due oblations of the state
A people's crimes must expiate.

The sacred temple's public shrine
Demands a slaughtered hecatomb,
But such is not for thee or thine ;
The little gods that guard thy home
Desire no costlier gifts from thee
Than myrtle wreaths and rosemary.

No ! let thy hand the altar touch,
Empty of gifts, unstained by guilt, —
A grateful heart avails as much
As if a victim's blood were spilt ;
Thou with the gods thy peace shalt make
With crackling salt and pious cake.

ODE XXIV

ON THE AVARICE OF THE AGE

HORACE here takes up the theme of Anacreon's ode on Gold, —

If all the sorcery of gold,
That which can all things else withhold,
Could but prorogue that fatal day,
Or court one fleeting minute's stay,
No doubt I should a miser be,
And hug the ore as much as he ;
Why should I, prithee tell me why,
Heap up care before I die ?
Why amass a useless store,
Only to torment me more ?

In elevation of thought, dignity of diction, prophetic insight, and moral grandeur, this poem is at Horace's highest level, and is universally classed with the six odes that begin the Third Book. Its date is assigned to the period between 29 and 24 B. C. It seems to have been intended to uphold Augustus' hand in the reformation of Roman society.

The unrhymed version by Lord Lytton ac-

companies the Latin text. It may be interesting to compare it with the charming rhythmical translation by Sir Stephen De Vere : —

Though India's virgin mine,
And hoarded wealth of Araby be thine,
Though thy wave-circled palaces
Usurp the Tyrrhene and Apulian seas ;
When on thy devoted head
The iron hand of Fate has laid
The symbols of eternal doom,
What power shall loose the fetters of the dead ?
What hope dispel the terrors of the tomb ?

Happier the nomad tribe whose wains
Drag their rude huts o'er Scythian plains ;
Happier the Getan horde
To whom unmeasured fields afford
Abundant harvests, pastures free :
For one short year they toil ;
They claim once more their liberty,
And yield to other hands the unexhausted soil.

The tender-hearted step-dame there
Nurtures with all a mother's care
The orphan babe : no wealthy bride
Insults her lord, or yields her heart
To the sleek suitor's glozing art.
The maiden's dower is purity,
Her parents' worth, her womanly pride,
To hate the sin, to scorn the lie,
Chastely to live, or, if dishonoured, die.

Breathes there a Patriot brave and strong
Would right his erring country's wrong,
Would heal her wounds and quell her rage ?

Let him with noble daring first
Curb Faction's tyranny accurst !
So may some future age
Grave on his bust with pious hand
" The father of his native land : "
Virtue yet living we despise,
Adore it lost, and vanished from our eyes.

Cease, idle wail !
The sin unpunished, what can sighs avail ?
How vain the laws by man ordained
If Virtue's law be unsustained !
A second sin is yours ! The sand
Of Araby, Gætulia's sun-scorched land,
The desolate realms of Hyperborean ice,
Call with one voice to wrinkled Avarice :
He hears ; he fears nor toil, nor sword, nor sea,
He shrinks from no disgrace but virtuous poverty.

Forth ! 'mid a shouting nation bring
Your precious gems, your wealth untold ;
Into the seas, or Temple, fling
Your vile unprofitable gold.
Romans ! Repent, and from within
Eradicate your darling sin ;
Repent ! and from your bosom tear
The sordid shame that festers there.
Bid your degenerate boys to learn
In rougher schools a lesson stern.

The high-born youth mature in vice
Pursues his vain and reckless course,
Rolls the Greek hoop, or throws the dice,
But shuns the chase, and dreads the horse :
This perjured sire, with jealous care,
Heaps riches for his worthless heir ;

Despised, disgraced, supremely blest,
Cheating his partner, friend, and guest.
Uncounted stores his bursting coffers fill,
But something unpossessed is ever wanting still.

The hatred of mothers-in-law to their foster children, "Privignis mulier temperat innocens," long ago passed into a proverb, on which the following severe epigram of Callimachus is founded: —

A youth who thought his father's wife
Had lost her malice with her life,
Officious with a chaplet grac'd
The statue on her tomb-stone plac'd;
When, sudden, falling on his head,
With the dire blow it struck him dead.
Be warn'd from hence, each foster-son,
Your step-dame's sepulchre to shun.

Statius speaks of the nets (*plagae*) of death. The Hindoo death-god, Yama, is depicted as handling a noose. Æschylus writes of "the net of doom;" Shelley, of "a net of ruin;" and Milton, in "Samson Agonistes," describes his protagonist as —

Tangled in the fold
Of dire necessity.

Roman morals, undermined by the insidious influences of Greek corruption, are strikingly contrasted in this poem with the habits of the unspoiled barbarians, the Scythians, and the

stern Getæ, to whom are ascribed the customs of the Suevi. Cæsar, speaking of the Belgians, says : —

Of all these the bravest are the Belgæ, because they are farthest removed from the civilization and refinement of the Provincia (Gallia), and to them the “mercatores” make less frequent visits than to others, importing those things which tend to make the mind effeminate.

The 15th stanza suggests Juvenal’s lines, —

If gaming does an aged sire entice,
Then my young master swiftly learns the vice,
And shakes, in hanging sleeve, the little box and
dice.

Suetonius observes that Augustus was very fond of this game, although it was forbidden by the federal laws, except on certain feast days.

ODE XXV

HYMN TO BACCHUS

THIS song is an imitation of a Greek dithyramb, though somewhat toned down so as to suit the Roman taste. It suggests one of the songs of Anacreon, which ran thus : —

Fill the bowl with rosy wine,
Around our temples roses twine,
And let us cheerfully a while,
Like the wine and roses smile ;
That sprightly god, the god of wine,
Pours new life through every vein.

George Eliot, in "Romola," compares Horace's sensations to those of "the Mænad, in the glorious amaze of her morning waking on the mountain top," as she looks out on the panorama of the Thracian plain, the river Hebrus, and the snow-capped summit of Mount Rhodope in the distance. The poet, according to Professor Shorey, affects "a Bacchic inspiration, in order to set the name and fame of Cæsar among the Stars."

The translation by Barry Cornwall (B. W. Procter) faces the Latin text. Bayle quotes in his Dictionary (title "Aristeas") the anonymous translation which Creech published :

God of wine, resistless power,
Whither will you hurry me,
Full of the deity,
Transported with a rage unknown before ?
Whither, whither must I rove,
To what wild cave or distant grove ?

Herrick has, in his "Hesperides," addressed a canticle to Bacchus : —

Whither dost thou hurry me,
Bacchus, being full of thee ?
This way, that way ; that way, this ;
Here and there a fresh love is ;
That doth like me, this doth please :
Thus a thousand mistresses
I have now ; yet I alone,
Having all, enjoy not one.

Milton, in "Paradise Lost," frowns upon the noisy extravagances of the worshippers of Bacchus : —

But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
In Rhodope.

The following burlesque on this ode was anonymously printed in London, March 12, 1798, being an imitation of the toast of

Charles Howard, eleventh duke of Norfolk, "Our Sovereign's Health, the Majesty of the People," delivered at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, on the 24th of the previous January, upon the occasion of a banquet "given to celebrate the birthday of Charles James Fox. . . . For this toast and other sentiments promulgated at the meeting, his Grace a few days later received notice of his dismissal from the Lord-Lieutenancy of the West Riding of Yorkshire and his Colonelcy in the Militia."

Whither, O Bacchus, in thy train,
Dost thou transport thy votary's brain
 With sudden inspiration?
Where dost thou bid me quaff my wine,
And toast new measures to combine
 The Great and Little Nation?

Say, in what tavern I shall raise
My mighty voice in Charley's praise,
 And dream of future glories,
When Fox, with salutary sway
(Terror the Order of the Day),
 Shall reign o'er King and Tories?

My mighty feelings must have way!
A toast I'll give — a thing I'll say,
 As yet unsaid by any, —
"Our Sov'reign Lord! let those who doubt
My honest meaning, hear me out —
 His Majesty — the Many!"

Plain folks may be surprised, and stare,
As much surprised as Bob Adair
 At Russia's wooden houses ;
And Russian snows, that lie so thick ;
And Russian boors that daily kick,
 With barbarous foot, their spouses.

What joy, when drunk, at midnight's hour,
To stroll through Covent Garden's bow'r,
 Its various charms exploring ;
And, 'midst its shrubs and vacant stalls,
And proud Piazza's crumbling walls,
 Hear trulls and watchmen snoring !

Parent of wine, and gin, and beer,
The nymphs of Billingsgate you cheer ;
 Naiads robust and hearty ;
As Brookes's chairmen fit to wield
Their stout oak bludgeons in the field,
 To aid our virtuous party.

Mortals ! no common voice you hear ;
Militia Colonel, Premier Peer,
 Lieutenant of a County !
I speak high things ! yet, god of wine,
For thee, I fear not to resign
 These gifts of royal bounty.

The poem seems to be peculiarly fitted to
the genius of the German language, as will be
seen by the following German version : —

Wohin, O Bacchus, deines Geistes voll
Entführst du mich ? In welchen Felsengründen
Irr' ich bezaubert ? Welchen Grotten soll
Den ew'gen Ruhm des Cäsar ich verkünden ?

In welchem Hain heb' ich zum Sternenchor,
Zum Rat des Donnergottes ihn empor?

Ertönen soll ein inhaltsreiches Lied,
Ein nie erklungenes, von kühnen Lippen! —
Gleich der Mänade, die auf Felsenklippen
Erwachend sich am Strand des Hebrus sieht,
In Thrakes schneebeleuchteten Gefilden,
In Rhodope, dem Tummelplatz der Wilden:

So staune ich ob ödem Hain und Strand!
O du, der Nymphen und Thyaden zwinget,
Den Baum zu zwingen mit gewalt'ger Hand:
Nicht sterblich-schwach sei, was mein Lied be-
singt!
Der du mit Weinlaub kränzt das Götterhaar,
Dir folgen, ist entzückende Gefahr!

ODE XXVI

FAREWELL TO VENUS

IN this delightfully humorous lyric Horace depicts himself as a man who had come to the wise conclusion that he was old enough to have done with love affairs. He has acquitted himself valorously and, as it was customary for any person on leaving an occupation to dedicate to some appropriate deity the discarded instrument, he hangs his lyre and other paraphernalia in the temple of Venus, just as in more serious poems he describes the gladiator consecrating his arms, the faded beauty her mirror, and the slave his chains.

Macleane says that "the arms this lover proposes to hang up in the temple of Venus on the left wall, as being most propitious, are the torch that lighted him to his mistress, the crowbar that broke open her door, and the bow and arrows that he carried as emblems of his passion, perhaps," and adds: "for what

other purpose he could use them it is not easy to see," — a query that shows how easy it is to take humour too seriously. Several of the commentators call attention to the inconsistency between the declaration at the beginning and the prayer at the end. It may refer to the same coy Chloë of the twenty-first ode of Book I. Lord Lytton takes the crowbar and the bow and arrows literally, but he agrees with Maclean in thinking "that the ode represents nothing more than a successful gallant's first refusal; and that to apply it to Horace himself, or to assume, from the opening, that he was getting into years and about to abandon lyrical poetry, is to mistake the character and scope of the ode."

Alexander Brome, editor of "*Lacrymæ Musarum*," published in 1649, who is reputed to have brought out the first complete translation of Horace, furnishes the version that accompanies the Latin text.

The following is a very readable paraphrase of the Venus ode, published in the "*Dublin University Magazine*," vol. 34, page 229. The author's name is unknown : —

I've been leading of late a sad life of flirtation,
And trophies have won, that I care not to show ;

But wooing and winning are only vexation,
I'm heartily sick of the business. Heigho!

My spurs having earn'd, I'll lay down my armour,
And hang up my lyre, ne'er to touch it again,
On this wall by the left hand of Venus the charmer,
Bright Venus Thalasse, that springs from the
main.

Quick, quick! Pile them here, while the fit is upon
me,

The torches so brilliant, the arrows, the pike,
And the crowbar that oft-time an entrance hath won
me

To beauty that only to valour would strike.

O Goddess, o'er Cyprus the sunny that reignest,
Fair queen of soft Memphis, oblige me and touch
With your scourge that minx Chloë, the scornful-
lest, vainest

—Just so as to frighten, but not hurt her—
much!

Here is a French version in which much
of the spirit of the original is preserved:—

Amour, tes jeux naguère avaient pour moi des
charmes ;

Je n'ai pas sans honneur vieilli sous tes drapeaux ;
Aujourd'hui j'y renonce et consacre mes armes

A Vénus née au sein des eaux.

Suspendez dans son temple et ma lyre fidèle,
Et ces brillants flambeaux, témoins de mes exploits,
Et ces traits, ces leviers dont la porte rebelle

A senti l'effort tant de fois.

Reine qui gouvernez et l'heureuse Cythère,
Et Memphis qui jamais n'a connu les frimas,
Frappez d'un trait vengeur l'orgueilleuse Glycère ;
Frappez, Glycère n'aime pas.

Eugene Field made one of his characteristic parodies on this ode ; it was published in
"Echoes from the Sabine Farm : " —

The hero of
Affairs of love
By far too numerous to be mentioned,
And scarr'd as I'm,
It seemeth time
That I were mustered out and pensioned.

So on the wall
My lute and all
I hang, and dedicate to Venus,
And I implore
But one thing more
Ere all is at an end between us.

O goddess fair,
Who reignest where
The weather's seldom bleak and snowy,
This boon I urge,
In anger scourge
My old cantankerous sweetheart, Chloë !

The poem suggests the following lines from
Sappho's ode to Venus : —

O Venus, beauty of the skies,
To whom a thousand temples rise,

Gayly false in gentle smiles,
Full of love-perplexing wiles ;
O goddess, from my heart remove
The wasting cares and pains of love.

ODE XXVII

THE STORY OF EUROPA

THE personality of the lady here addressed under the Greek name of Galatea does not at all appear, — whether young or old, married or single, beautiful or plain. Professor Hague says we know nothing about her save that she was among those ladies with whom the social position of Horace enabled him to associate in honourable friendship and whom he could ask to bear kindly memories of himself. He adds the gratuitous supposition that she is about to visit Greece with her children. Lord Lytton, commenting on the fact that certain commentators have actually attempted to include her in the catalogue of Horace's mistresses, says that the poem, in the digressive introduction of the glorious fate which awaited Europa, might much more plausibly be supposed to intimate that some lover or spouse of very high degree was reserved for

Galatea at her journey's end. The introduction of Europa might point to the supposition that Galatea was a Greek lady about crossing the Adriatic, and that Horace sent her this parting remembrance. "Bad omens for the bad; all good omens go with thee, Galatea!"

"The beautiful picture of Europa's flight and remorse is," says Lord Lytton, "among the instances of Horace's exquisite adaptation of the dramatic element to lyrical purposes."

Homer, Moschus, Ovid, Lucian, Anacreon, Stesichorus, Bacchylides, and Simonides told the story of Europa in ancient times; Spenser in the "Faerie Queene," Landor in "Europa and her Mother," and Tennyson in "The Palace of Art" have made it a part of English literature.

The version of the Galatea ode facing the text is by Lord Lytton, and reproduces the Sapphic metre of the original.

The following is Anacreon's story of Europa:—

This Bull, my Boy, is sure some Jove,
Who in Disguise is making Love.
Methinks I thro' his Horns can see,
The brightness of the Deity.
His front does no curl'd Fierceness wear,
All Heav'n does in his Looks appear,

Nay, whence I more of credit take,
 Europa's mounted on his Back ;
 Europa, who outshines by far
 All his beauteous Harlots there,
 Though each Harlot is a Star.
 Methinks I see him now convey
 The Charmer thro' the wond'ring Sea,
 Whose Crystal Waves swell here and there,
 Seemingly proud of what they bear.
 He now like Oars his Feet does ply,
 And rows him thro' the wat'ry Sky :
 'T is Jove I mean, for sure no Beast,
 Half so happy, half so blest ;
 Wafted a Virgin o'er the Seas,
 And left his Lowing Mistresses.
 Nay, none of all the gods above,
 But He, and only He for Love.

In the eighth verse Horace imitates these
 two fine lines of Moschus : —

Nor sea-bent shore she views, nor mountain high,
 Nor aught but spreading waves and boundless sky.

Also in the eighteenth line he imitates Ho-
 mer's passage (Od. XIX), which was also
 imitated by Vergil. Dryden translates this
 passage : —

Two gates the silent house of sleep adorn :
 Of polish'd ivory this, that transparent horn ;
 True visions through transparent horn arise,
 Through polish'd ivory pass deluding lies.

ODE XXVIII

ON NEPTUNE'S FEAST-DAY

PROFESSOR HAGUE takes it for granted that the Lyde, to whom this lively and graceful song is addressed, is the same maiden "fancy free," frisky and wild as a three-year-old filly, as is commemorated in the eleventh ode of this book, but older. He imagines that she has invited the poet to the festival of Neptune, and that the ode is a reply which he brings in person. Others conjecture that Lyde was the housekeeper at the Sabine farm (as if a housekeeper would be likely to be accomplished in playing the "curved lyre"); still others that she was a Greek girl of more luxurious habits. Lytton sensibly declares that it is but a waste of ingenious trifling to conjecture who or what Lyde was, or indeed if any Lyde existed elsewhere than in the poet's fancy.

The graceful English version of Francis faces the Latin text, and may be compared

with Creech's translation, which is so loose as to be almost a paraphrase : —

What should I do at *Neptune's* Feast,
What better should my Thoughts employ,
What should I do but treat my Guest,
And show the greatness of my Joy?
Wine, *Lyde*, Wine; scorn sober Sense,
My Bowl is strong, and that will make a weak defence.

Dost see how half the Day is past?
And yet, as if wing'd Time would stay,
You still the precious Minutes waste;
And lead me on with slow delay.
Wine, *Lyde*, Wine; to raise my flame,
Old lusty Wine, and seal'd with *Bibulus's* Name.

I'll sing great Neptune bound by Rocks;
I'll sing the Nereid's Sea-green Hair, —
And how they sit, and spread their Locks
To tempt the greedy Mariner:
You to your Harp *Latona* sing,
And *Cynthia's* arrows shot from an unerring String.

Both her who drawn by murm'ring Doves
To *Paphos* guides with Silken Strings,
While Cupids wait, and wanton Loves
Fan their warm Mother with their Wings:
Just Songs and Thanks shall praise the Night,
For ling'ring long, and giving space for gay Delight.

The Cæcuban wine hidden, “fondly lingering” in the farthest corner of the apotheca,

or store-room in the top of the house, is to be brought forth covered with cobwebs and marked with the date of the consulship of Marcus Calpurnius Bibulus, who was associated with Caius Julius Cæsar in the famous year B. C. 59; that is, thirty-seven summers old. But the name of the consul smacks of an oriental pun.

Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy" (1632), gives the spirit of the poem in three lines: —

Come, lusty Lyde, fill a cup of sack,
And, Sirrah drawer, bigger pots we lack,
And Scio wines that have so good a smack.

ODE XXIX

TO MÆCENAS

Blest is the man who dares to say,
" Lord of myself, I 've lived to-day.
To-morrow let the thunder roll,
Storm and thick darkness round the pole,
Or purest sunshine : what is past
Unchanged forevermore shall last.
Nor man nor Jove's resistless sway
Can blot the record of one vanished day."

As HORACE began his first book of songs with an address to Mæcenas, so he ends his third book with an invitation to the same generous patron, and then gives the epilogue. This ode was probably written in the hot July days of either 26 or 25 B. C., while Augustus was absent in the West and Mæcenas was præfect of the city. Professor Smith calls attention to Horace's method in making the invitation the occasion of a discourse on his favourite maxim, *Carpe diem*: —

Here, in the middle of the dog days, you are cooping yourself up in the hot city, worried with

cares of state and harassing your soul over Scythians and Chinese. There may be too much of this. A wise providence has hidden the future from us. Only the past is securely ours; the present is for us to control and use; all else is beyond our power. Fortune is fickle: welcome what she brings, but let not our happiness wait on her favour.

The learned Bishop Lowth (1710–1787) said that all the modern commentators seem to have mistaken the meaning of Horace in the last two stanzas. “They are,” said he, “a continuation of the philosophical rant begun four stanzas above. In this conclusion he is a perfect epicurean: he treats a principal branch of religion, namely, prayer to the Gods, and trust in them for succor in distress, with the greatest ridicule, by using the most contemptuous expressions, and the severest irony, — *ad miseras preces decurrere; et votis pacisci*, — as mean and absurd; as equally unworthy of the dignity of the philosopher, and of the Divine nature.”

Lord Cowper, in writing to a friend upon the subject of this poem, said: “I am of your opinion, that your friend Horace’s unconcern for the morrow was a rant written in good health, when he had reason to believe the morrow would be agreeable. All that can be

desired from one under sickness is to keep from a degree of dejection, which will help to increase the distemper."

The universally admired version made by Sir John Beaumont in 1630, when Shakespeare was still alive, has been chosen to accompany the Latin original.

"Dryden's translation of this ode," says an eminent English commentator, "will give the English reader a just idea of the beauties of the original. With regard to both the elegance and correctness of the style, and the harmony of the numbers, it is one of the most finished pieces in our language. Though it may be unfashionable to own it, there are still some who dare subscribe to the encomium given Dryden in the following lines : " —

Most that remains (for so to me they seem)
Are but the shadows and the ghosts of him ;
'T is true their diction's pure, their style is clear,
And art and labour through the whole appear ;
But where, if well we search them, shall we find
His strength of thought, his energy of mind ;
The words that move us with mysterious charms,
The soul that actuates, and the fire that warms ?

Sir Theodore Martin says of Dryden's version, that "as a whole it is certainly finer than the original."

Descended of an ancient line,
That long the Tuscan sceptre swayed,
Make haste to meet the generous wine,
Whose piercing is for thee delayed :
Thy rosy wreath is ready made ;
And artful hands prepare
The fragrant Syrian oil, that shall perfume thy hair.

When the wine sparkles from afar,
And the well-natured friend cries, "Come away !"
Make haste, and leave thy business, and thy care,
No mortal interest can be worth thy stay.
Leave for awhile thy costly country-seat !
And to be great indeed, forget
The nauseous pleasures of the great.

Make haste and come !
Come and forsake thy cloying store !
Thy turret that surveys from high
The smoke, and wealth, and noise of Rome,
And all the busy pageantry,
That wise men scorn, and fools adore.
Come, give thy soul a loose, and taste the pleasures
of the poor !

Sometimes 't is grateful for the rich to try
A short vicissitude and fit of poverty :
A savoury dish, a homely treat,
Where all is plain, where all is neat, —
Without the stately, spacious room,
The Persian carpet or the Tyrian loom, —
Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the great.

The sun is in the Lion mounted high,
The Syrian star barks from afar,

And with his sultry breath infects the sky ;
The ground below is parched, the heavens above us
fry ;
The shepherd drives his fainting flock
Beneath the covert of a rock,
And seeks refreshing rivulets nigh :
The Sylvans to their shades retire,
Those very shades and streams, new shades and
streams require,
And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the raging
fire.

Thou, what befits the new Lord Mayor,
And what the City factions dare,
And what the Gallic arms will do,
And what the quiver-bearing foe,
Art anxiously inquisitive to know :
But God has wisely hid, from human sight,
The dark decrees of future fate,
And sown their seeds in depths of night.
He laughs at all the giddy turns of State,
Where mortals search too soon, and fear too late.

Enjoy the present smiling hour,
And put it out of Fortune's power ;
The tide of business, like the running stream,
Is sometimes high and sometimes low,
A quiet ebb, or a tempestuous flow,
And always in extreme.

Now with a noiseless gentle course,
It keeps within the middle bed ;
Anon it lifts aloft its head,
And bears down all before it, with impetuous force :
And trunks of trees come rolling down,
Sheep and their folds together drown ;

Both house and homestead into seas are borne,
And rocks are from their old foundations torn,
And woods, made thin with winds, their scattered
honours mourn.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own :
He who, secure within, can say
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day !
Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,
The joys I have possessed, in spite of fate, are
mine.
Not Heaven itself, upon the past has power,
And what has been, has been, and I have had my
hour.

Fortune that, with malicious joy,
Does man, her slave, oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy,
Is seldom pleased to bless ;
Still various, and inconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life.
I can enjoy her while she 's kind ;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes her wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away :
The little or the much she gave is quietly re-
signed,
Content with poverty my soul I arm,
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

What is 't to me,
Who never sail in her unfaithful sea,

If storms arise, and clouds grow black,
If the mast split, and threaten wreck?
Then let the greedy merchant fear
 For his ill-gotten gain,
And pray to gods, that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear
 His wealth into the main.
For me, secure from Fortune's blows,
Secure of what I cannot lose,
In my small pinnace, I can sail,
 Contemning all the blustering roar;
And, running with a merry gale,
With friendly stars my safety seek,
Within some little winding creek,
 And see the storm ashore.

Sir Stephen De Vere turns the thirteenth
and fourteenth verses into the following admirable lines : —

Fortune, capricious, faithless, blind,
With cruel joy her pastime plays :
Exalts, enriches, and betrays :
One day to me, anon to others kind.
I praise her while she stays : —
But when she shakes her wanton wing
And soars away, her gifts to earth I fling;
And wrapped in Virtue's mantle live and die,
Content with dowerless poverty.

Pope transforms the passage about the river
into the following vivid lines : —

The wary Gods lock up in Cells of Night
 Future Events, and laugh at Mortals here,

If they to pry into 'em take Delight,
If they too much presume, or too much fear.
O Man! For thy short Time below,
Enjoy thy self, and what the Gods bestow ;
Unequal Fortunes here below are shar'd,
Life to a River's Course may justly be compar'd :
Sometimes within its Bed,
Without an angry Curl or Wave,
From the Spring-head
It smooth meanders to its wat'ry grave !
Then unawares, upon a sudden Rain,
It madly overflows the neighbouring Plain ;
It plows up beauteous Ranks
Of Trees, that shaded and adorn'd its Banks :
Overturns Houses, Bridges, Rocks,
Drowns Shepherds and their helpless flocks ;
Horror and Death rage all the Valley o'er,
The Forest trembles, and the Mountains roar.

The Duke of Buckingham thus rendered
this celebrated passage : —

Fortune, made up of Toys and Impudence,
That common Jade, that has not common sense ;
But fond of Business, insolently dares
Pretend to rule, and spoils the World's Affairs :
She, flutt'ring up and down, her Favours throws
On the next Met, not minding what she does,
Nor why, nor whom she helps or injures, knows.
Sometimes she smiles, then like a Fury raves,
And seldom truly loves but Fools or Knaves,
Let her love whom she please, I scorn to woo her ;
Whilst she stays with me I'll be civil to her ;
But if she offers once to move her wings,
I'll fling her back all her vain gew-gaw Things ;

And arm'd with Virtue, will more glorious stand,
Than if the B—h still bow'd at my Command :
I'll marry Honesty, tho' ne'er so poor,
Rather than follow such a dull, blind W—e.

Many passages from this ode have been greatly admired and frequently quoted, especially those describing “the smoke, the riches, and the roar of prosperous Rome,” the picture of the river “peacefully gliding to the Etruscan Sea” or swelled by the spring freshets and the great vision of fortune “changeful in her ways.” William Pitt, at the close of a speech in the House of Commons, in a crisis which threatened his downfall, folded his arms and quoted the lines which depict the man who wraps his cloak of virtue complacently around him, and sits down in contented indifference to the proceedings of Fortune, as if she had nothing to do with him, and unites himself to poverty, as to a bride without a portion : —

Laudo manentem. Si celeres quatit
pennas, resigno quae dedit, et mea
virtute me involvo, probamque
pauperiem sine dote quaero.

He was not voted into *probam pauperiem*, and a majority of his hearers applauded the felicity of his quotation.

ODE XXX

EPILOGUE TO THE THREE BOOKS OF ODES

AN English editor remarks that with this poem Horace clearly states that his task as a lyric poet is completed. It is difficult to see what gives rise to that conclusion. Horace says: —

Exegi monumentum aere perennius.

I have completed a monument more lasting than bronze.

He means simply that he has established his fame, and even if he died, the three books of songs will cause him to be remembered as the first to have fitted Æolian song to Roman melodies. “Non omnis moriar” is surely not a vainglorious boast or a conceited claim to immortality.

Lord Lytton says: “It is unnecessary to defend Horace here from the charge of vain-glory, to which a modern poet, arrogating to

himself the immortality of fame, would be exposed. The manners of an age decide the taste of an age. The heathen poets spoke of the immortality of their verse with as little scruple as Christian poets speak of the immortality of their souls."

Sappho, in a poem, the first verse only of which is preserved, predicted her own future. So did Ennius when he sang:—

Nemo me lacrimis decoret nec funera fletu
faxit. Cur? voluto vivu' per ora virum.

Let no one shed tears over me or mourn at my obsequies. Wherefore? I desire to live on the tongues of men.

Ovid also said: "*parsque mei multa superstes erit,*" a large part of me will go down to posterity. Vergil, Propertius, Martial and others predicted their immortality, showing "the same just pride."

It was customary for the Romans to describe eternity by the duration of their Empire; hence, Vergil in his ninth *Æneid* says:

Hail, happy pair! if aught my verse avails,
Each grateful age for ever shall record
Your fame; long as *Æneas'* race shall hold
The Capitolian Rock, immovable,
And Roman fathers rule the conquer'd world!

In writing about this subject Professor

Smith says : “He had completed the first considerable body of lyric poetry ever published in Latin ; its place was assured, as its quality was unique, in the literature of Rome, — the literature of the eternal city, the metropolis of the world. It is not surprising that the closing poem is a song of triumph ; and if it is characterised by a candour which our modern poets do not permit themselves, we must make allowance for difference of time and custom. That it did not offend the taste of Horace’s countrymen, we may infer from the fact that he was imitated by other poets.”

Horace says in substance : —

I will not wholly die, for fame shall save
My nobler part, and wrest it from the grave !
While mitred priests the Capitol ascend,
And vestal maids the silent pomp attend.

“The prediction of our poet,” says the learned Sanadon, “is now accomplished far beyond the term he proposed. The capitol is fallen ; the religion of the Romans continues no longer, yet the poems of Horace preserve all their original strength and beauty. We may now be bold to say that their destiny is blended with that of the world, and that they can only perish in one common ruin.”

The following is reprinted from the late President Garfield's address delivered before the Literary Societies of Western Reserve College, Hudson, Ohio, July 2, 1873 : —

When the great lyric poet of Rome ventured to predict immortality for his works, he could think of no higher human symbol of immortality than the Eternal City and her institutions, crowded with seven centuries of glorious growth ; and so Horace declared that his verses would be remembered as long as the high priest of Apollo and the silent vestal virgin should climb the steps of the Capitol. Fifteen centuries ago the sacred fires of Vesta went out, never to be rekindled, and for a thousand years Apollo has had no shrine, no priest, no worshipper on the earth. The steps of the Capitol, and the temples that crowned the Capitoline hill, live only in dreams ; and to-day the antiquary digs and disputes among the ruins, and is unable to tell us where the great citadel of Rome stood.

The version selected to face the Latin text of this beautiful ode is by Herbert Grant. It may be compared with the following by the late General Hyde, whose translations appear elsewhere in this work : —

I finish now a monument more durable than brass,
Higher than regal pyramids, whose bulk it doth
surpass,
Nor shall any fatal cyclone, or impotent north wind
O'erthrow my noble monument, as fly the years
behind ;

Nor the passage of the seasons ; now I shall never
die,
In Libitina's grim temple my lesser half shall lie,
But be growing, always growing, in posterity's ac-
claim,
While the pontiff with the vestal mute shall climb
the heights of fame.

Wherever raging Aufidus his roaring torrent pours,
And where the arid Daunus, too, his sceptre never
lowers,
'T will be granted, I the first was, from lowly issue
sprung
To graft on Roman measures all the charms of
Grecian song.

Now, gracious Melpomene, this boon thy servant
prays,
You crown his brow with laurel for the balance of
his days,
With the laurel of Apollo, who keeps the Delphic
shrine,
And with it show the pride you owe your merits all
divine.

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